# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE ACCOMPLISHMENT ARTS AMUSEMENTS NEWS.

VOL. X. M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1855. TERMS, {$2 00 PER ANNUM, 5 CENTS SINGLE. No. 28.


[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE

## ARROW OF GOLD:

—OR,—

## THE SHELL-GATHERER.

**A Story that unfolds its own Mysteries and Moral.**

By THE AUTHOR OF "SECRETS OF THE CELLS."

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER IX.

The advertisement of the lost young stranger duly appeared in the newspapers. Dame Cresset felt that she had done her duty herewith, and she hoped that by means of it some news might reach "The Arrow." Closely did she and the half-pay captain examine, in vain, the columns of the Times for a response.

Two weeks passed by, and she had tearfully made up her mind that he was drowned, or had been murdered for his ten pieces of gold which he had in his belt; of the much larger amount concealed in his breast, she was ignorant, as Philip, in all his confidence, had not made it known to her.

It was, however, fully four weeks, before she quite gave up all hopes of ever hearing from him again. It was with a sorrowful heart that she came to this painful conclusion. The contents of the knapsack of the young man now became, very naturally, objects of attention. Bringing them into the tap-room, she found the worthy captain smoking his pipe and thinking whether it were wisdom in him to give up the peculiar comforts and independence of his bachelor life, and press his long pending suit for the hand of the widow *and* her two thousand six hundred and seven pounds in the three per cents, her snug inn, and not to speak of her many wifely virtues. While he was thus meditating, she came in with the knapsack. Of course, she did not know what his thoughts were engaged upon. It is true, he had often talked to her, while smoking, about the advantages of a husband to a lone woman; and he had more than once hinted, at a great distance, that his half-pay and his rank would present quite a respectable consideration to a wise woman, were he inclined to marry. But Dame Cresset never seemed to take the hint; and he was apprehensive, if he pressed matters home, he might lose her favor, and so be compelled to give up his corner in the neat tap-room.

"Poor boy!" said the widow, plaintively, as she placed the knapsack on the table on which the captain's elbow was leaning.

The half-pay officer looked not at the knapsack, but at the fair widow. His eye seemed to inspect her face as if he were contemplating some bold measure. He was not amiss in his looks for a man of fifty-one. He had a martial, red face, grey locks, was something portly, and had a pleasant smile always a-twinkling about his gray eyes. He was a man of sense, had been a brave warrior, and limped from a sabre wound across his knee. He loved ease, quiet and a pipe, and Widow Cresset.

"Widow, I am thinking—" he began boldly.

"I know it—about the dear boy!" she said, sorrowfully.

"No—about something still more dear!"

"This silver cup! yes—we ought to—"

"Not the cup, but the hand it is in! Widow Cresset, I have made up my mind that I *must* marry!"

"Do not do anything so foolish, Captain Bodley," said the widow, with a sharp speech, but coloring with pretty consciousness.

"I have made up my mind!" said the half-pay captain, with emphasis; "I have known you, wife and widow, nine years! You are the only woman that could make me surrender. I capitulate, this morning, without challenge."

"Go out with your military phrases," said the blushing widow. She did not, however, look angry nor say "nay." So the captain took courage, and took her by the hand.

"Will you consent? You know me! You know my ways and tempers!"

"Yes—you are a good customer, but I don't know if you may make as good a husband."

"Try me, fair widow!"

"On one condition;" and she let her hand rest in his.

"Name it, were it to take the tower of London!"

"That you find Philip! That you bring me some intelligence about him!"

"That is a hard condition, widow!" said the captain, looking blank. "Doubtless he is dead!"

"I fear me he is so! But I would like to know his fate! Bring me some information about him, and—and—"

"And you will be Mistress Captain Bodley?"

"Yes—I will marry you—for I *do* think we would be happy together!"

"I am sure of it! But if you abide by this condition, I fear that—"

"It is the only condition, captain! You have nothing else to do but go about London and hear what you can!"

"Faint heart never won a true woman! I will accept the condition, for six months—nay, for three months!"

"For six months!"

"And then?—"

"And then we will talk about other conditions."

"Ah, Widow Cresset, you must not be too cruel to an old soldier who would—"

"I don't want to hear what you will do; I only wish to have you begin to do what I wish."

"I will commence my Herculean task this very day. First, had I not best go to the silversmith's, and take the cup with me, and see if he can tell who bought it?"

"And what good will this do?"

"It is possible that it may give me a clue to find out who his parents were; and it is barely possible that he may in the same way have discovered them, and, forgetting all else, be now with them, and unable, from his ignorance of London, to return here to unfold to you his good fortune."

"This is an idea I never thought of!"

"It only just occurred to me, widow. You see the hopes you hold out to me sharpen my wits. I will take the cup and compass, and follow this scent first. I cannot think he can be murdered!"

"But if he had found his relatives, he would have seen the advertisement, or some of them would."

"Perhaps not. Good morning, fair Cresset, I will be diligent in my task. But here is a little book in the pocket of this coat. It is a small and well-worn prayer-book!"

"Doubtless he was a pious youth, he seemed so gentle and good," said the hostess, sighing. "Here is a part of a picture and a name on the first page."

"The part of a picture, as you term it, is the half of a coat of arms; and the name is so faded that I can only make out, 'Cla'—'lia.' This book might lead to something, if these were not so defaced."

"It looks as if he was well-born."

"It may not be his own—perhaps some one given to him by some of the gentility in his parish. It doesn't prove anything."

An hour after leaving the inn, the captain was at the silversmith's on the Strand. He had now a motive for making the most stringent investigations.

"Sir," he said to the chief salesman, "I have here a silver cup. Will you tell me if it was made by your house!"

"Yes, sir. You see our stamp!" answered the man, looking at it. "It is an old-fashioned pattern, and must have been bought a long time since."

"Can you tell me when?"

"Let me see! The number is nearly worn off. I have it—249. That must have been sold about twenty years ago."

"Be so kind as to ascertain."

"Indeed, sir, it will be no little trouble. Its sale must have been recorded in the old books which are stowed away."

"I am ready to pay for what trouble your clerks may be put to, if you are sure you can discover when it was sold and to whom."

"Without doubt, when—but as to the whom, it is not so certain. In those days, we were not so particular in making such full records of plate sales as we do now. But, as you seem, sir, very anxious to ascertain the fact, you are at liberty to go into that room and examine the old books. You will find the year labelled on each, and you had best go back twenty years ago."

The captain thanked the silversmith, and was shown by a lad into an old lumber-room. Here he found the books of sales, covered with dust and cobwebs. After some trouble, he found that of twenty years before; and looking over the index which named the articles sold and the page where the sale was registered, he found many silver cups, but none with so high a number as that he held in his hand. So he came down a year later; and finding that the last cup sold that year was numbered 235, he knew that he was near the end of his long search. The next volume bore, under letter "C," in the index, this record:

"*Cup (silver)—No. 249—vide page 57.*"

Turning to the page indicated, he read, with joy, the following entry:

"May 7, 1781. To Lady Wortley Devon, 1 chased silver cup, No. 249—£6 8s."

"I have now a clue to the labyrinth—I have hold of the end of the thread," said the captain, with animation. "But," he reflected, "what good will this discovery do the poor youth? Evidently he has not found his friends, for he has not been here to examine these books. He is not with them, unless, indeed, he has discovered them through the compass. I will next go to the nautical instrument shop and learn what is to be revealed there!"

Having carefully noted down the entry upon his private pocket-book, he left the lumber-room, and thanking the shopman for his courtesy, departed for the place where the compass was sold.

"At all events, the purchaser of the cup was of the highest nobility!" he mused, as he went along; "and Dame Cresset may be right in her conjectures that he comes of good blood. But then there is no evidence that the cup found on the deck and the child rescued from the vessel are necessarily connected. But here is the compass-maker's shop! Doubtless, if I can get a link here, I can learn by-and-by what ship had the instrument."

"Sir," he said, as he entered, addressing an old man in round iron spectacles, who was fitting a polar needle accurately to its centre, on the pivot of a new compass, "will you allow me to occupy a few moments of your time?"

The old man did not raise his eyes until he had completed the tremulous adjustment. Then pushing his great glasses back upon his forehead, he looked sharply at the captain, when, seeing his military coat, he bowed with respectful consideration.

"How can I serve you, sir?" he asked, with a serving smile.

"I have here an old compass," answered the captain, unwrapping the instrument from his red pocket-handkerchief. "Has any one called here—a youth—to ask you about it?"

"Not that I recollect, sir. Why, that is one of my own make! It is an old one! I have not seen one of mine of that date for a long time!" and the compass-maker took it and examined it with evident satisfaction.

"Then it is of your own manufacture?"

"There is our name, 'Kerr & Kerr!'"

"Can you tell me how long ago it was that you sold it?"

"Let me see! Here you see the number, on the inside of the rim. It is No. 106. We had not made many compasses then!"

"Is it possible for you to remember to whom you sold it?"

"Perhaps our old books will show!"

"May I ask you to take the trouble to look into them? The ship, on which this compass was found, was lost on the Lincolnshire coast ten or twelve years ago, and circumstances render it important that the name of the vessel should be discovered, in order to know who her passengers were, for a child was rescued from the wreck at the same time with the compass, and if we can ascertain the name of the ship, we may possibly learn whose child was thus saved!"

"True—true! This is a very interesting affair! I will do what I can. Let me see—No. 106—that must have been about—about—let me see—about the year 1779 or '80. It will be easy to refer to my sales book of those years, as I always have everything in order and at hand!"

Opening a large oaken case, he laid his hands upon one of a score of large sales books. On the back was printed "1779, 1780." He laid it open before the captain and began to examine the index. It gave only the names of the ships or of persons to whom articles had been sold.

"It will take some trouble and time, sir, to look over each name. But if you will examine the book and look for the first entry of a compass sold, its number will indicate pretty nearly how far in the book from it may be found 106."

The captain opened the book at the beginning, and examined full thirty entries of sales before the words, "Mariner's compass, No. 62, sold the brig Adonis," met his eyes. He now knew that the compass which he had must have been sold later. So he turned over the leaves rapidly, here and there, among entries of spy-glasses, hour-glasses, quadrants, sextants, and all sorts of nautical instruments, catching sight of the words, "compass, 73," "compass, 81," "compass, 96," "compass, No. 100," "mariner's compass, No. 105." He now examined carefully each page, until, at length, he read—and they seemed to his rejoicing eyes to be written in letters of gold:

"On 4th January, 1780, two mariner's compasses to ship 'Exeter Castle,' Nos. 106 and 107."

There were other entries to the ship, but this one alone fixed the eyes of the captain. Pointing it out to the maker, he said, with animation:

"Here is what I look for! Do you recollect the call?"

"The Exeter Castle! It was Captain Norman who was master. He bought them here himself. I recollect the captain well! and now I think of it, I recollect a report some years ago that he and his ship had been lost at sea—or, at least, had never been heard from. She belonged to Newcastle on Tyne!"

"This is all I want to know, just now," said Captain Bodley, as he finished copying the entry of this important sale into his note book. "Sir, I am greatly obliged to you for the favor you have done me."

He hastened along the Strand, overjoyed at his success thus far in this direction; for, though he was no nearer on the track of the missing Philip, yet he had obtained a clue to discover who he was, which would be something towards gaining favor with Widow Cresset. Nay, more; he had begun to take a lively interest in following out the mystery for curiosity's sake.

In another hour, he was again at "The Arrow," and detailing to the widow the result of his day's work.

"Well, captain, you deserve praise and shall have it," she said, warmly. "I am sure he will turn out to be high-born—for he looked and spoke it! A great lady bought the cup, and she, perhaps, was his mother!"

"Do not be too sanguine, fair widow. The cup and the boy may have no necessary connection. The child rescued may have been the son of a poor passenger, while the cup might have belonged to a rich child who was lost."

"You always look so on the wrong side of everything, Captain Bodley," said the widow, with some anger.

"But I would not have your hopes raised to be disappointed!"

"What matters now—hopes or fears," she said, sorrowfully. "The poor boy is dead!"

"I do not think so! Do you know that a murder cannot be hid in London, with its three millions of eyes and six millions of hearing ears! We should have heard of him, if he had been killed. As I was coming along, I was delayed by a press-gang. They had two young men in custody, one of whom was desperately fighting his captor, while the other wept like an infant. The thought struck me, as I saw them dragged past, that Philip, your favorite, might have been pressed!"

The widow shrieked, and for a moment seemed to be overcome by the terrible idea.

"It must be so! It is what has become of him! I wonder I had not thought of it before. I have had in my day at least twenty persons, who had lodged here, pressed and carried to sea."

"His costume was that of a Lincolnshire sailor, and he was the very youth a press-gang would desire!"

"What can be done?"

"It is hard to say! It would be impossible to find what ship he is on board of, if, as I now believe, he is pressed. Such is the demand for men now, in this coming war with France, that all ships are pressing, and no plain man is safe in the streets after dark."

"It is an infamous practice, and if I were a pressed sailor," said the widow, indignantly, "I would turn the guns against my captors. I would not serve my country as a captive."

"You are right. The great English heart is cowed by its habitual and hereditary submission to nobles and to petty tyranny of the titled landlords. They are not free, but slaves—and so they submit, when pressed by violence, to the masters whose feet have been on their necks for eight centuries."

"What shall be done?"

"I see no way of learning his fate!"

"You shall have money to aid you."

"But money is not all. I must have influence with the admiralty."

"What then?"

"They could ascertain at once what ship-of-war received pressed men on the night of Philip's disappearance; and if he were on board, they could find it out. There are many war ships in the Thames, and even if I should ascertain that any one of them took on board men, and should inquire, I should receive no answer. No revelations of this kind are ever made by the officers, except by authority."

"Do you know any great lords who could help us in this matter?"

"Not one! I am too obscure now, and have been forgotten by the few nobility I once knew in my best army days."

"If I was certain he was pressed, I would go to the Admiralty myself—"

"Only to be disappointed and ill-entreated! You could never get past the out-works of menials and liveried scentries, to reach head-quarters. You would fail in approaching the citadel! But who is here?"

His abrupt inquiry had reference to a man in the costume of a Thames waterman, who, pale and weak, staggered into the door. Dame Cresset, supposing he was intoxicated, would sharply have bidden him begone; but the captain's more practised eye saw that the man's irregular gait proceeded from debility.

"Excuse me, ma'am! I have a writing for you! I am weak, and will sit down, if you please!"

Here he took a chair and began to search his pocket, and took out a piece of paper, soiled and crumpled.

"It was the lining of his cap, ma'am!"

"Whose?"

"He tore it out, ma'am, and gave it me!"

"Who are you talking about, man?" asked the captain, at a loss.

"Why, the—the young man! Here is the paper he gave me!"

"Philip—can it be from Philip?" almost shrieked the widow, as with trembling fingers she opened the piece of paper.

"I don't know his name, ma'am! He had black eyes and hair! When he writ it in his cap and tore it out and gave it to me, I promised, if ever I reached shore, I'd sacredly bring it to you at 'The Arrow.' I'd have done it sooner, ma'am, but they shot me in the side as I was swimming, and I have only got about again to-day."

"It is from Philip! Hear what he says!" cried the hostess, between smiles and tears.

"Dear Dame Cresset: I lost my way—I was pressed in a man-of-war—I am now a prisoner. This man, Bolton, says he will give you this, if he escapes free. Take care of my things! I do not know the name of the ship—but I hope yet to escape, sooner or later. Farewell.

"Philip."

"Poor, dear young man!" ejaculated the hostess, wiping her eyes. "It is then as we feared! But it is some comfort to know he is alive! Here, my good man! drink this can of beer. You look pale and weak!"

"So you were a pressed man, also?" asked the captain, of the waterman, after he had set down the empty can.

"Yes, sir; I was pressed the same time he was! But I knew their ways and kept quiet and let them think I was well contented to serve my country. When we got to the boat, we found the young man Philip in the hands of two of the oarsmen. He afterwards told me he had lost his way and had gone to the boat to ask them to direct him to the Strand; and that when he would have left, they seized him. He came near escaping from the gang, but was knocked down and taken aboard senseless!"

"Infamous!" cried the captain.

"Poor boy! did it hurt him much?" asked the widow.

"He came to, after awhile, and was good as new, only a little heavy about the head. I took a fancy to him, and he told me how he should feel happier if he could let you know where he was. So I up and told him I had made up my mind to escape by swimming; for I am a waterman, and we swim, sir, like sharks, you know. So he wrote on the lining of his cap what you read, and the same night I dropped out of a port into the river. The sentinel soon saw me. I watched the flash of his musket and dove; but a boat was sent after me, and a pistol shot from one of them hit me in the side. At the same moment, I grasped hold of the cable of a ship near the pier, climbed upon her deck, and, making my way along her bowsprit, dropped upon the quarter of another vessel and so on, from craft to craft, till I reached the pier. Here I was so weak from loss of blood, that I should have fallen, but for two of my comrades, watermen, who having heard the noise of the chase, placed me into their boat, and pulled me beyond pursuit, and thence took me to one of their houses, and cared for me so well I am now on my feet again."

"You shall now stay in my house," said the widow, "until you get entirely well, and at no charges. You have done me and Philip service."

"And I dare say that you will reward him, fair Widow Cresset, as I hoped to have been, since he, and not I, has brought news of your favorite."

This was spoken half in jest, half in earnest, by the captain.

"What a speech, captain!" said the hostess, with a smile. "I will once more make conditions, that you may have hopes yet."

"Name them, were it to capture the frigate!" said the half-pay officer, gallantly.

"That you get him from this frigate! You say that you do not know the name of this vile ship?" she asked of the waterman.

"No. But I might learn it."

"Do so, and you shall be well rewarded."

"I can inquire among the watermen, and learn what frigate was then anchored below the tower."

"This will be easy," said the captain.

"But it will be impossible to recover the young man. Besides, the vessel has sailed ere this, for she was only waiting men; and I heard the lieutenant of the press-gang say that we made up her full complement, and that they would put to sea the next day. They are a thousand miles off now."

The hostess clasped her hands in distress, and looked appealingly heavenward, as if she had no hope of aid on earth.

"How did he seem when you left him?" she asked the waterman.

"He bore up bravely; but he seemed to feel most for a young lady he called Agnes, who was blind, he said, and he had come to London to try and find some one to cure her."

"Yes, he had her in his thoughts, you may be sure! Captain Bodley," she added, turning to him with decision, "what is now to be done?"

"If this worthy man will make the inquiries he proposes, and bring the name of the frigate, I will see what can be done. But I fear—" and here he shook his head despondingly.

"Fear what?"

"That I can do nothing."

"But suppose you could ascertain by the silver cup that he was of noble blood, couldn't you then interest—"

"Your bright wits have given me just the idea! I will follow up diligently the thread found at the stores! It may lead to something favorable. If it does, why, there may be higher interest than mine set to work in his behalf. But let me say beforehand, that all is doubt and uncertainty; for—"

"But it must be seen whether doubt may not end in certainty. I have read of as marvellous things as that Philip should turn out to be a lord, in some of my girl-day's novels."

"Yes, but we are not acting parts in a novel, dear dame, but are real flesh and blood, living and real persons. Ours is common life!"

"I have my hopes, nevertheless!"

"And I my doubts! But what would I not undertake for your fair hand, dear Mistress Cresset! Be sure I will leave no stone unturned to see where leads the thread of circumstances I hold in my hand, and the end of which I picked up at the silversmith's and compass-maker's."

A long consultation now followed as to the expediency of the captain's calling on Lady Devon, or advertising the cup, and also asking for information as to the last port which the "Exeter Castle" sailed from.

It was finally decided to try the columns of the Times once more, in the hopes of ascertaining the information they knew not how so well to obtain in any other way.

## CHAPTER X.

THE scenes of our narrative now change from the humble inn of "The Arrow," to a noble and ancient castle in the north of England. It is six days after the scene in the inn, which closed the preceding chapter.

In a sumptuous chamber in this lordly home of one of the aristocratic families of England, sat a lady, about thirty-eight years of age. She was still handsome, but her fine features wore a pensive cast. Near her, by the table, sat a tall, soldierly-looking gentleman, whose hair was slightly gray. He was reading the London Times, which had that morning been brought from the post-office.

"What news, my lord?" she asked, looking up from a piece of embroidery which she was engaged upon.

"Not much, Mary," he answered, in a pleasant voice; "not much, wife. War news, only—which does not interest you ladies."

"No—unless we have those we love in the field. I trust you will not be engaged, dear husband, in the coming struggle with France?" questioned the countess.

"No—I am invalided. I have done with war."

"If our dear boy had lived, he would now have been of an age to serve his country, like his ancestors."

"Yes—he would have been about nineteen. But do not speak of the past, Mary! Your memory is to-day as sensitive as ever it was upon this painful subject."

"How can I ever forget? And such a death!"

"It was the will of Heaven!"

"I have submitted! I have bowed my will to this! I have tried to say 'His will be done!'"

"It was an unfortunate day when we consented to embark from Newcastle to Gibraltar."

"The dread night we spent upon the few planks upon the sea can never be obliterated!"

"We should be thankful for our own safety, by means of the ship so providentially passing us in the morning."

"But if *he*, if our own dear Henry, had been also saved!"

"Let us cease to speak of this dark past, my dear Lady Mary. It only increases sorrow, and cannot recall the lost."

The lady's eyes sparkled with tears, and she resumed her embroidery with a look of sadness. The noble lord resumed his reading of the gazette, though it was some moments before he could fix his attention to what his eyes travelled over. Suddenly, after eagerly reading something for a moment to himself, he exclaimed:

"Hear this! Can it be that—"

"What is it, my lord?" she asked, startled by the abrupt vehemence of his manner.

"Listen, and tell me what you think of it:"

"INFORMATION WANTED.

"If any one can give information as to the last port out of which the ship 'Exeter Castle' sailed, some ten years ago, or more, they are requested to send to, or call at the "Arrow Inn," Bell Lane, near the Strand, where any intelligence about said ship will be handsomely paid for.

"P. S.—If the purchaser of a silver cup, No. 249, of 'Hamel,' Strand, in 1782, or thereabouts, will call at 'The Arrow,' they will learn something greatly to their advantage."

When the Earl of Devon—for such was the rank of the nobleman, had finished reading, with nervous rapidity, this two-fold advertisement, he laid down the paper, and gazed fixedly at his wife, whose returning gaze was one of amazement and trepidation. She trembled—she scarcely knew why.

"Can it be that—" she hurriedly articulated, in her agitation.

"This is all very remarkable! The 'Exeter Castle' was not only our ship, in which we sailed and were wrecked, but you bought a silver cup, if I recollect aright, at—"

"Yes, and in that year, also, I believe, at Hamel's! It was lost, with everything else, in the wreck. It was Henry's. But what can these advertisements mean?"

"It is very strange! Perhaps some one is equally interested with ourselves in that ill-fated ship."

"But the silver cup? I certainly purchased one at Hamel's!"

"Do you recollect the number?"

"No, I do not," answered the lady.

"It is mentioned here as 249. There may have been other cups bought and on board that ship."

"But the advertisement does not say that the cup was found with the vessel," said the lady, deeply interested.

"But both are united in one advertisement; both references are to the 'Arrow Inn,'" said the nobleman, whose interest was now wholly awakened.

"In this ship all our dearest hopes were lost, my lord! Whatever concerns it, that is now revived, may concern us; especially when a silver cup, bought at Hamel's, is connected with it; and such a cup was in the ship, belonging to our dear boy!"

"What would you suggest, Mary?" asked the Earl of Devon, half anticipating her reply, if one might judge, by the expression of her dark, fine eyes.

"That we go up to London one week sooner than we contemplated going."

"What! and call at 'The Arrow?'"

"Yes. I feel in my soul that this advertisement interests us both more closely than we imagine."

"We will depart the day after to-morrow. I must confess it has awakened in me a keen desire to ascertain what the object of the advertisement is."

"It asks for the information, too, we have the power to give. We know whence she sailed, and her fate."

"We will go to London as soon as possible," answered the earl, again carefully reading the advertisement, and taking down the address of "The Arrow."

Two days afterwards they left their princely seat, and took their way towards London. They went with vague and undefined hopes. There was a mystery connected with the advertisement which they instinctively felt in some way concerned themselves and their lost child! The earl had found the day before, after long search, the bill of plate bought at Hamel's, and the number of the cup was two hundred and forty-nine, the same that was advertised. This discovery made their journey far from an unmeaning one. Hope filled their hearts; yet neither breathed to the other the secret thought of their souls—"Can he yet live?"

On the morning of the second day they passed near an ancient and warlike-looking castle.

"That is Castle Clan-William," said the earl, pointing it out to his wife. "It was for centuries the abode of a race of noble earls. The fate of the last two earls was tragical, and since then the castle has been unoccupied, save by a seneschal."

"Was not the old lord poisoned?"

"Yes; and by his own son, Robert. This young nobleman was a wild liver, and was in need; and impatient for his father's title and wealth, and tempted by the devil, he poisoned him. It was a dreadful crime, but known only sometime afterwards. The parricide fled, and having been at the same time accused of treason, he was pursued both by the criminal and state officers. But he escaped for a time. But vengeance suffered him not to live; for it is said, and believed, that he cast himself into the sea to escape his pursuers. Crime always has a voice to betray itself, and always seems to be punished, even in this life."

"Left he no heir?"

"Yes, an infant daughter—so rumor says—whom he cruelly cast off, leaving her in the hands of a foster-mother."

"What became of her?"

"It is not known. Should she make her appearance, it is not probable that she could inherit, as the estate of the treasonous parricide has been confiscated to the crown."

They rode on through the green scenery of England, and on the evening of the third day entered London by the great northern road, just as the lamps were being kindled in the streets.

The ensuing morning, about eleven o'clock, the half-pay captain at the inn of "The Arrow" was taking a luncheon of cheese and ale, and reading over, for the hundredth time, his advertisement in the Times; for not being much given to literary efforts, the worthy captain looked upon this composition with no little pride and complacency. The widow was knitting by the window that looked out on the lane.

"It is now two weeks nearly, and no answer to this advertisement," said the captain.

"It is a pity," sighed the widow.

"I have about made up my mind to make a journey into the north, and see this Lady Devon, for I understand from the Peerage Book that their seat is near the Tyne, not far from Newcastle."

"If it is necessary to go, you shall have the money to bear the expenses. But here is a brave equipage—arms, and liveries, and gay horses!" she exclaimed, looking from the window. "It must be a lord, and not less!"

"Yes, a titled personage," said the captain, going to the window on hearing her exclamations.

"Bless us, they are stopping here!" she cried, rising up in great excitement. "What can have brought such great people to 'The Arrow!' Quick, captain! unlock the best parlor; and please throw the shutters open. I will go and receive them."

"Perhaps it is somebody to answer the advertisement," suggested the sanguine captain, as he obeyed his orders with much alacrity, thereby fore-shadowing his obedience as her future husband, should such a desirable event happen.

"This is the 'Arrow Inn,' I believe?" said the Earl of Devon, as alighting, he was received by Dame Cresset with one of her lowest courtesies.

"Yes, my lord, at your service."

He then handed out his countess, and both entered the humble inn, to the great surprise and curiosity of the over-looking neighborhood. They were shown into the "best" parlor by the hostess, who hastened to dust seats for them. The captain stood, respectfully, in the door.

"There is an advertisement in the Times that refers persons to this inn," said the earl. "Will you be so kind as to inform me who wrote it?"

"It was written by me, my lord; if, as I imagine, I address a noble lord."

"I am the Earl of Devon, and this the Countess, sir," said the nobleman, bowing with deference to the captain's military air and buttons.

"Then there could not, my lord and lady, have been more welcome visitors. I was just making up my mind to go down into the north to call on you."

"In reference to the silver cup?" asked the countess.

"Yes, my lady. I ascertained that the cup was purchased by a Lady Devon."

"Yes, by me!"

"We can also, sir, inform you, that the 'Exeter Castle' sailed from the Tyne, and was two days afterwards wrecked on the coast of England, not far from 'The Wash.' We were on board, and were saved only by the miraculous power of God. But what of this cup you advertise?"

"My lord, may I ask if you have a son?"

"No—he was lost—lost at the time—a child, nearly six years old," answered the nobleman, sadly.

"Do you know this cup?" asked the captain, placing it in his hand.

"I do not recognize it; but the number—"

"I know it!" exclaimed the countess, catching it, and pressing it to her lips. I know it well by this indentation of his three teeth. Well do I know it, and clearly remember when it was done by our lost boy. It is the cup he had with him at the time of the wreck."

"Even if the teeth-prints were not evidence, the number is," said the captain.

"Yes, without question, that is the cup we purchased!"

"And the cup that was on board the 'Exeter Castle' when she was wrecked?" inquired, or rather asserted, the captain.

"Yes—the same! But what object have you in adv—"

"Your lordship shall hear," said the hostess, who took the deepest interest in what passed. "I will tell your ladyship. About six weeks ago, a tall, handsome youth, with black hair and dark, fine eyes, and gentle spoken, came from the country and lodged here. I was so taken to him—he was so good looking and kind—that I treated him more like my own! He told me all about himself; how he was reared a fisherman on the coast of Lincolnshire, but that he was not born one, but had been taken from a wreck when very young. He said his name was Philip, and that it had been given to him by the fisherman who had rescued him, and brought him up. He told me how he had loved, humble as he was, a little noble-born blind maiden, younger than he, and that it was out of love for her he came up to London, to try to find some surgeon skilled enough to give her sight. He said he was the occasion of her losing her sight, by means of an arrow! Wait a moment, dear lady, I will soon be at the end!" said Dame Cresset, seeing the eager air and clasped hands of the countess, as she drank in every word with a throbbing heart. "This young man went out the next day, and was kidnapped by a press-gang, and taken on board a frigate, which has sailed for the seas."

"What more? What has this story to do—" gasped the countess, whose hopes and fears were struggling together.

"In his knapsack I found a silver cup—"

"This?"

"The same, my lady—and a compass. Those, he said, were on the wreck with him, and he told me that he had brought them with him to London, hoping to learn something by them about the ship, and those who sailed in it."

"I have ascertained," said the captain, "that the compass was sold by Kerr & Kerr to the ship 'Exeter Castle,' a dozen or more years ago."

"And that the cup, with this number on it, was bought by Lady Devon?" asked the earl, rapidly.

"Yes, my lord."

There was a moment's silence; the silence of astonishment, of hope, of emotion. The countess first spoke in a voice trembling with joy:

"Without doubt, this is our child!"

"Let us not raise our hopes *too* high, dear Mary," said the earl, trying to conceal his own feelings. "It is possible that this cup may have been saved, and yet the child not be our own!"

"There was no other boy on board but him!"

"True, I recollect none! We will, at least, hope—"

"I am sure—"

"My lady, here is a little old book, which he said was found in his pocket by the fisherman."

"My own prayer book!" shrieked the countess. "It is our own child! It is Henry who was saved! It is Henry who has been here in this house! O, my son! my son! Has God given thee back to me out of the jaws of death?"

"Be calm, my dear wife!" said the earl, tenderly embracing her.

"Do not say you doubt! Confirm my joy! See! read this part of his whole name: 'Cla' 'lis,'—'For Henry Clarence William.' It is our own writing!"

"And there are our arms!" said the earl. "I am now convinced that our dear boy is yet alive!"

"But where?" cried the countess, whose newborn joy was nearly stifled by fear.

"You say, sir, that the young man—Heaven grant that he prove to be our son; and that we may yet behold him; you say that he was pressed on board one of his majesty's frigates?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Proof of it, have you?"

"Yes, by a man who was pressed at the same time and escaped, and brought a note to the good hostess here."

"O, let me see my child's writing!" cried the countess.

"He writes well—even at such a time," said the earl, with satisfaction.

"He is well schooled, your ladyship. He uses language like a lord, saving your presence. You need not feel ashamed of him, if he was brought up by a fisherman."

"Ashamed! You are not a mother, good woman, to think I could be ashamed to receive my son to my arms in rags!"

In the meanwhile, the earl learned from the happy captain, who began to imagine himself already the husband of the landlady of "The Arrow," that the waterman was out making inquiries about the frigate.

"If he can ascertain her name, all the rest is easy," said the earl, speaking with the confidence of one who has influence and power at his command.

While he was speaking, Bolton entered, and looking not a little surprised at finding such noble company; for in that day, noblemen were distinguished from other men by the richness and style of their dress.

"Here is the man, now, my lord," said the captain, turning to the waterman, whose appearance a week's good fare in the inn had much improved. "What news now? I hope more success than the last few days."

"Yes. The frigate was the 'Bucephalus.' I heard another name first, but after close inquiry I made certain."

Lord Devon took down the name upon his tablets.

"Now, my good friends—you, excellent captain, and you, worthy hostess—how can we reward you for being the authors of so much happiness to us in prospect? To you, if we indeed receive our child, we shall owe his restoration, through your wise steps taken in advertising the facts. Be assured, you will neither of you lose your reward."

"My reward, my lady and my lord," said Dame Cresset, "will be to see Philip folded in your arms as your own son!"

"And mine, my lord, will be to have you honor my marriage with your presence here, for I have my full reward in the hand of fair Dame Cresset, who promised if I could get intelligence of—"

"My lord, don't listen to him," said the dame, coloring, yet looking pleased; "he has done nothing at all as he promised. The waterman, here, brought the news of his being pressed; and your lordship came without his knowledge!"

"But, did I not write the advertisement? Was I not going up into Lincoln—"

"Ah, the captain is winner, fair dame! If we find our son, our happiness will not be complete until we see you both made happy by marriage."

"Thanks, my lord! With such a friend as your lordship, I shall not fail to be the happy man you wish me."

What pen can portray the joy and hope trembling in the heart of the countess, as she left the inn, though not without warmly pressing the hands of the hostess.

"You took an interest in him! Your regard for him has brought him to our knowledge."

"When you hear from the frigate, please your ladyship, let us hear," said the hostess.

"Without fail!"

"Yes, captain," said the earl, in conversation with this person at the door, "it is to the Admiralty I shall at once go. Will you take a seat with me in my coach?"

The captain readily complied, promising to report to the hostess all he should ascertain about the ship-of-war.

The earl's coach drew up in due time at the gate of the office of the Admiralty. The nobleman's high rank obtained him admittance without delay. Accompanied by the captain—for he had dropped the countess at his hotel on the way,—he entered the apartment where one of the high dignitaries, who direct the destinies of the British navy, was surrounded by his secretaries and clerks.

Lord Devon was received with a hearty shake of the hand by the Lord of the Admiralty, as if well known to him.

"You are welcome to London, my lord!"

"I have come a little earlier than usual. But I have reason to believe that a person, in whom I am deeply interested, has been pressed on board one of his majesty's ships-of-war."

"Ah! that matter can be easily fixed."

"But I do not know what frigate it is."

"Then it will be difficult to—"

"It was, however, a frigate—yes—I forgot—I have her name on my tablets. It is the 'Bucephalus.'"

"Captain Lord Berkeley."

"Can you inform me where she has sailed?"

"I will ascertain for you, unless she went under sealed orders."

"Even in that case the seal, I trust, will be removed for me," said the earl.

"Your lordship appears very earnest about the poor man."

"It may be so; I have good reason, which I may, by-and-by, make known."

The Lord of Admiralty having beckoned to a page, gave him a message, written with pencil. He soon returned, with a secretary, from an inner room.

"Pray, to what place is the 'Bucephalus' sent?"

"To the Mediterranean, my lord. But as she has on board Lord Montesgle and suite, for Madrid, she will stop at Cadiz."

"How long since she sailed?" inquired the earl, earnestly.

"Thirty-eight days since she left Portsmouth."

"She must now be near Malta," remarked the Lord of the Admiralty to the earl.

"My lord, you will confer on me the highest personal favor by giving me the authority to place in the hands of Captain Manners, for the discharge of a youth of eighteen, named Philip, who was pressed in London the evening before the frigate left the river."

"It is but a slight favor to grant you, my lord. The order shall be at once made out; and if you wish, forwarded by our next despatch."

"I would rather take it with me," said the earl.

The order was soon written, and duly signed and sealed, and given to Lord Devon; for power and rank command where the poor and humble despair. It must ever be that, "to them that have shall be given; and from them that have not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The captain was amazed at the facility with which the whole affair had been achieved, and marvelled at the potency of a great name.

We will now leave London and its scenes, and follow the "Bucephalus" in her track across the waters. The ship had been at sea eleven days, and was in a far southern latitude, towards Spain, when, one morning, Captain Manners sent for Philip to come into his cabin. The captive had been too ill until then to appear on deck; for, what with his wound and the motion of the vessel, he could not hold up his head, and was compelled to keep below. But he had not been upon the deck ten minutes, when the Countess of Montesgle's eyes accidentally fell upon him as he was leaning over a gun, and looking pale and sick at heart.

"My lord, do you see that face?" she said to the earl.

"Yes; it is pale and sad! Poor youth, he seems ill!"

"Is it unknown to you?"

"Now I recognize him! Is it the shell-gatherer, Philip?"

"So it strikes me! It must be he!"

"How came he here? It may not be! Manners! what youth have you there? He, who is looking out of the port, with his eyes towards England, and doubtless thinking of home!"

"I do not know—but I know that face! It is the victor of the golden arrow!"

"You are right! None else can it be!" said the countess, with animation.

"But how came he here?" asked the earl.

"I will soon ascertain," answered the captain, as he entered his state-cabin. The page obeyed his command, and to his surprise and joy, Philip found himself standing in the presence of the earl and countess—two tried friends; and he, also, next recognized the captain, whom he had seen but once, on the archery ground. The kind welcome he received from the noble pair, moved his generous heart, and tears stood in his eyes—tears of joy and gratitude.

"And how came you on board here?" demanded the captain, after witnessing the interest taken in him by his sister and the earl.

"I was pressed, sir."

"In London or Portsmouth?"

"In London. I had only been there one day, when I was seized and brought on board. This wound from a cutlass has prevented me from doing duty. I am happy to know that I am among friends."

"This pressing men is so cruel," said the countess, "it—"

"We know it, sister," interrupted the captain, with a smile. "But the service must have men. As for this young man, if you desire it, he is free."

Two days afterwards, the frigate reached Cadiz. Philip, at the request of the countess, was also landed there, and thence took a Spanish ship to return to London.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### A MARSHAL OF THE REPUBLIC.

Among the Americans who attended the late ball, given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and wore epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start four major generals in business. Jack was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party that his friends could not account for. Wherever the Marshals of France went, there went Jack; and when the marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor. The day after the ball, Jack called on his old acquaintance, Mr. Mason, our minister to France, who started up a little conversation the following manner:

"I hear, Jack, that you were at the ball last night." "I was, sir, and had a high old time." "For which, you are indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with. By the way, how came you associated with the marshals?" "How? by virtue of my office—they were Marshals of France, while I am nothing else than a Marshal of the Republic. I showed my commission, and took my post accordingly." "By right of your office! What do you mean?" "Read that, and see." Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a whity-brown paper, with a seal big enough for a four-pound weight. "What in the name of Heaven is this?" "My commission of marshal—I received it in 1850, when I assisted in taking the census in Frankfort." "You don't mean to say you travel on this?" "I don't mean anything else. That made me a Marshal of the Republic, and I intend to have the office duly honored."

Mr. Mason thought that Jack was doing a large business on a very small capital. We should not wonder if the reader did the same. A Census Marshal of Frankfort mixing in with the Marshals of France, is certainly rushing matters in a manner that requires as much brass as epaulettes. Jack, we are happy to say, is equal to the requirements.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

There is no one, however humble in the social, or however deteriorated in the moral scale, that cannot find some one lower or worse than himself. There is an unction of self-delusion, which every one lays with complacency to his soul; and when a man has only his good word in his favor, he naturally draws liberally upon that peculiar fund.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE RAIN.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYS.

How pleasantly the white clouds send
Their treasure down again;
And look! see how the green leaves bend
Beneath the dropping rain.
As falls it silently around
In little drops so still,
Without the music of a sound,
Along the vale and hill.

But where the ever-restless sea
Rolls o'er unfathomed caves,
In freedom and in melody,
It patters on the waves.
Like tiny bells its echoes skim
Along the watery deep;
And waken music sweet and dim,
Where youth and beauty sleep.

The rain—the rain—the summer rain,
It comes from God above;
O thanks, that heaven is oped again,
To issue showers of love.
And on the spirit may they fall,
In peace and power divine;
Life's cup of bitterness and gall
To sweeten and refine.

## THE LIEUTENANT OF HUSSARS.

BY M. M. BALLOU.

THOUGH a quiet northerner myself, I have ever half envied the dreamy, indolent habits of those who live in the tropics. The soft, genial clime of the low latitudes, so productive of rich and luscious fruits, is also the home of romance and of love. The indolent habits of the people, superinduced by the ease with which life is supported, and the ready and abundant yield of the earth, unaided by artificial culture, all tend to give the dwellers of the land time and fancy for love and romantic adventure. The very nature of the people seems to have become affianced to these circumstances.

They are physically formed to aid the gentle promptings of their clime, the males with light agile forms, dark complexions, mainly of the rich olive hue, tinged with a warm southern blood, figures erect, and with dark, waving hair, rendering them indeed really handsome. The females seem made alone for love, with their persons refined to womanly grace and loveliness, even in tender years; with large, deep, lustrous eyes, whose depths reflect only warm, ardent and passionate love, with an indolent elegance and queenly grace that seems to fit them well as angels to worship, rather than beings to love, with every soft belonging that leads captive the eye and heart. Such are the gentler sex of the tropics.

In Havana one sees the race in its prime—all the gentler qualities of our nature are ever apparent in the intercourse of the people; like the mild and soothing zephyrs they breathe, but a demon lives in their hearts nevertheless, which when aroused, is like the fierce tornadoes that sweep their island, leaving desolation and ruin in their track. The Spaniard is universally represented to be revengeful, but the Creole is ten times as much so. The designating term is used in so many different senses, that I should say here, I refer to the individual in whose veins courses the blood of the home Spaniard, mingled with that of the native Cuban. The amalgamation seems to heighten the passions both of love and hate.

I marked some exhibitions of these peculiarities during a short residence some few years since in the West Indies, and while I amused myself with analyzing the characters that engaged me, I picked up many a romantic incident, that but the stronger illustrated my theme. One of these stories, with which I was thus made familiar, I will relate to the reader, with the simple premising that the circumstances are as true as they are romantic, and not by any means uncommon in the capital of Cuba, with its peculiar inhabitants.

Senor Pedro Gomendez was a rich, influential Creole citizen of Havana, and his great wealth made him a man of no little note and importance. Besides his superb town house in the *Calle de Mercaderes*, or the street of the merchants, he also owned several coffee, sugar, and tobacco plantations in the interior; and nearly a thousand slaves, male and female, called him master. With his great wealth, he lived sumptuously, and was altogether a liberal, though proud man. His two children, Pedro and Inez, were the doting care and pride of their father, and their mother having died when they were young, his parental care was augmented. Pedro, he had already sent, at the age of eighteen, to a popular school in the United States (a growing habit with the Cubans), where he might obtain a suitable education for one of his birth and station in life. Inez, the father preferred to have under his own eye and guardianship, and with the aid of the best masters that money could procure, he had happily perfected her mind, and cultivated in her all the gentler accomplishments, so that at the age of seventeen she was none the less beautiful in brilliancy of wit and intellect, than in person. With her sex generally in Havana, the lighter accomplishments only are deemed indispensable; but Inez had fortunately a taste for intellectual culture that seconded her opportunity.

So great was the animosity existing between the home Spaniards, of whom the army was entirely composed, and which garrisoned Moro Castle and the Habanese, that the aristocratic Cubans or Creoles, to which class Senor Gomendez belonged, would not even admit the officers into their houses, much less countenance any acquaintance between them and their families. Thus it was, that, although the extraordinary beauty of Inez had been frequently seen and marked by many young officers of the garrisoning army, yet to them she was perfectly inaccessible, and their nearest approach to her person was when they knelt before the altar in the noble cathedral of San Felippe. So bitter was the feeling towards the soldiery, of the inhabitants of the city, that had the commandant himself offered his hand to Inez Gomendez, her father would have indignantly refused him.

Hypolito Mendez was a young lieutenant in the ninth regiment of hussars, garrisoned in the city at the splendid barracks that flank the Plaza on the seaward side. His companions as well as himself had often seen and marked the beautiful Cuban. She had been oftentimes the theme of conversation in the mess, and always the subject of admiration and envy. There was scarcely an officer in the service who would not have risked his commission for a sweet smile from her lips; indeed, she was universally known as the belle of Havana.

"I would there were some manly task appointed, by the accomplishment of which, a gallant heart might win her hand and love," said a junior lieutenant of the mess, after some conversation upon the subject.

"Ay, could that be," said his captain, somewhat boastingly, "there are hands as ready, and skill more potent than yours to engage for the prize."

"There is her immense wealth, too," said a young adjutant—"that were worth a bold push; 'tis said by the merchants that he counts his millions."

"That *is* a consideration," replied the captain.

"Now, to my mind," said Lieutenant Mendez, who had remained silent until now, "that is the only real obstacle in the way of winning the girl, always supposing that you find an honest and worthy suitor, one who really loved the Senorita Inez; for were she poor, and unhedged by the golden fence that now confines her, I know of one heart that should be laid at her feet before the sounding of another reveille."

"So you, too, are love-sick, Mendez?" asked the adjutant.

"I can't deny the soft impeachment," answered the lieutenant.

"Nor I," said the junior.

"Nor I," said the captain, "though I must own, that if her broad plantations, slaves and doubloons were to melt into air, all the reveilles in Christendom might sound before they should arouse my love."

It was one of those soft, genial nights that one only sees and enjoys to perfection in the tropics, that the notes of a Spanish guitar broke the moonlight stillness beneath the window of the Senorita Inez. They seemed peculiarly tempered to the hour, and to flow in a liquid harmony that was only equalled by the clear, manly voice that accompanied them. It was impossible to hear and not be delighted; and even the cautious, maidenly, delicate Inez plucked a little breast-knot of flowers from the abundance that thrived in her room, and securing them together, let them drop to the serenader below, be he whom he might, in payment for the delight he had afforded her. The token was eagerly seized and placed in the bosom of the recipient. But other eyes were watching, and other ears listening to the serenader. Senor Gomendez had a watchful eye and care for his daughter, and the notes of the guitar, though as gentle and soft as the breath of an Æolian harp, had yet wakened him at once, and his jealousy was aroused lest the performer should be a secret Spanish lover, endeavoring thus warily to seduce his daughter's affections when others slept.

Senor Gomendez quietly sought an exit from the rear of his house, so as to enable him to come upon the serenader in the midst of his performance, which plan he adroitly accomplished. The bright blade of a stiletto glistened in his hand, as he cautiously approached the serenader beneath the window; but the nearer he came to the spot, the less he seemed to court disguise, and he even sheathed his dagger, and at last cast aside all reserve, and watched the performer with evident interest until he had ended his song. The performer appeared to be a youth of scarcely twenty years, dressed in the Spanish costume of a page, and all the belongings of his person seemed to indicate that this was his office. Interest had evidently taken the place of suspicion with the jealous father, and as the youth completed his song, he thus addressed him:

"Whom do you serenade, senor?"

"The Senorita Inez Gomendez," replied the performer, running his fingers lightly over the strings of his rich-toned instrument with the skill of one accustomed to its use.

"And why, if I may ask, do you serenade her? You appear to be a stranger here, and can hardly know her personally, I should think?"

The youth eyed the father intently, as if some shrewd thought was passing in his brain, and then replied:

"True, I do not know the Senorita Inez, but I have heard that her father desires a teacher for his child on our national instrument, and this being my profession, I have hastened hither, but having reached the city gates too late to call to-day, I was drawn hither for want of the knowledge of any other place in which to pass my time, and thus you find me beneath the senorita's balcony at this hour."

"Your speech is fair, senor page, but I do not half like the manner of your introduction," said Senor Gomendez, with the air of a man who has a right to command.

"It matters little to me whether you are pleased or otherwise," replied the page, coolly tuning his guitar.

"But it *does* matter materially, senor page, as to the success of the object that brings you hither."

"And how can that be, senor?"

"Easily, senor page, since I am the Senorita Inez's father."

"Indeed!" said the page, touching his cap respectfully, "then I hope I have not offended you, senor?"

"Perhaps not," was the cautious reply—"come in, and then we may know each other better."

"*Gracious*, senor," said the page, and the two disappeared beneath the broad, lofty arch that formed the entrance to the court, and all was still.

It was fully three months subsequent to that night, when one fine evening, just in the hour of the long twilight of the South, two persons were sitting beneath the broad piazza that invariably surrounds the country house of the planter in Cuba. The two were nearly of an age. The female was perhaps eighteen, though she exhibited the roundness and beauty of ripened womanhood. Her figure was slightly below the ordinary height, and beautifully rounded, with the most bewitching symmetry, with the very slightest tendency to *embonpoint*. Her complexion was that of the soft hue of the West Indian rose-apple, a slight shade lighter than the olive, with hair and eyes so black, that you would look a second time to note this marked peculiarity—only peculiar in its intensity, however, for it is the never-failing gift of the Spanish Creole to possess hair and eyes of the darkest hue; and yet, after all, hair and eyes that are really *black*, are very rare.

Senorita Inez had eyes almost startling to look upon, from very brilliancy—that seemed ever choking with the wealth of expression they struggled to give voice to. Her position at this moment was most beautiful and classic, as she leaned upon the guitar by her side. There was an air of graceful negligence about her as she sat thus listening to him by her side, and yet it was easy to see how intent she was upon the theme that engaged them. Her companion, in whom the reader would have recognized the page whom he first met in the *Calle de Mercaderes*, was looking into her face, and relating an old Castilian romance, which every few moments set those black eyes to swimming in their own liquid wealth of feeling. The air was fragrant with the orange blossoms, and the coffee, with its white bloom, looked as if a cloud of snow had gently rested on that single spot, and left the rest of the verdure clear and green. The fragrant jessamine and the wild heliotrope entwined themselves luxuriantly about the supporters of the verandah, and every odor seemed in unison with the soft hue of a tropical twilight. What an hour for two young hearts to drink of, together and alone! What a delicious moment for love and confession! What a soft, inspiriting influence seemed to float and linger over that peculiar spot!

The page paused now—his tale was ended. It was one of love—how a noble dame had stooped from her high degree, and wedded one who was humbly born, and how Heaven had smiled on love so pure, that knew no interest in avarice. The argument of the story that had so moved her, and which the page had so eloquently told, was to prove that love can exalt the humble. Both sat in silence, as though they dared not break the spell that everything seemed to have woven about them. The story had progressed gradually, with the twilight in its richness of dewy freshness and soft enticement, until story, twilight, scenery, hearts, and all, seemed to throb in unison. It was the golden moment for the page, and kneeling, he took the beautiful hand that resisted him not, and in the language that everything about him seemed to breathe, uttered the love of a heart all her own; told her how from the first moment of her meeting, he had lived in a joyous slavery, and that the light of her smiles was all that he asked in the broad and gilded future that youth looked into. His tongue was full of eloquence, yet soft and gentle, and now he paused, while the hand he held essayed to raise him from his position. He rose and sat by Inez's side. They were alone—love was supreme—and the beautiful Creole's head rested upon the page's breast!

The page cast his eyes to the blue vault above him, as if to thank Heaven, the source of his unbounded happiness, and sealed it with a kiss upon her pure and virgin forehead, when both were startled by the steady approaching tread of armed men. The page changed color, and for a single moment gave signs of confusion; but a slight effort mastered this embarrassment, and addressing a few words to Inez in an under tone, he stepped forth calm and collected, seeming fully to understand the meaning of this visit from the soldiery. A detachment of the ninth Hussars approached the spot, led by an officer. At a signal, two of the men stepped from the ranks, and indicated to the page that he was under arrest, and led him at once away. Senorita Inez uttered one cry of grief, and fainted with anguish.

It was some six weeks subsequent to the event that we have just related, that the regiment of Hussars was paraded in the rear of the Tacon Paseo, to witness the cruel punishment of a deserter. The sentence was death, and the open grave that was marked by the mound of loose earth about it, was already gaping to receive its victim. A solemn march was performed by the band, as the prisoner was led under guard to the spot, and so placed as to fall into the grave when the shots of his fellow-soldiers should end his existence. It was fearfully still; not a movement was visible, nor a sound heard, save the regular tread of the file of men who guarded the condemned deserter to his grave.

As he was placed at the appointed spot, he turned his fine manly countenance towards his comrades, and with his right hand waved them a parting adieu. There was not a dry eye among those hardy soldiers; he was one they had loved well, who had often shared his last para with his comrades, and who had even been a boon companion. It was the page, or rather it was Lieutenant Hypolito Mendez, who, yielding to his passionate love for the Senorita Inez, had deserted his regiment, as we have seen, and sought to win her love. So cunning was his disguise, and so well did he manage his part, that for months he had remained undiscovered, until chance information led to his capture.

It was a fearful sight to see a fellow-being thus in cold blood about to be launched into eternity, but discipline was stern and necessary, and the law must take its course. A file of the very men he had so often led to duty, was now marched within an hundred paces of his grave, and the officers deliberately took their places, to witness the deed, when suddenly an explosion shook the earth as though a bolt from heaven had struck the spot; and in the next instant, a fearful scene presented itself to the astonished crowd. The guard-house, so near to the spot as to almost touch the hindmost files, and in which was stored the spare arms and equipments of the corps, with a considerable quantity of ammunition, by some singular chance, had blown up, wounding and killing a number of those who had unfortunately been nearest the spot.

The utmost confusion ensued at once, and the purpose of the hour was forgotten in the surprise that had occurred. A quick hand cut the cords that bound the deserter, and another seized his arm and hurried him away from the fearful scene, he knew not whither. A hundred yards passed, and they were at the shore of the Mexican Gulf, where a boat was moored, and Lieutenant Mendez found himself borne away to the southwest before the wind with the speed of a bird, before he could fairly understand what was the meaning of the whole affair. He recognized in the boat with him a couple of Senor Gomendez's overseers, and the truth flashed upon him at once. It must be Inez to whom he owed this stratagem so successfully accomplished for his escape.

A few hours' sail brought the little yacht that bore them, to the extreme southern portion of the island, where the three landed, and after a brief explanation, Lieutenant Mendez embarked on board an American schooner, that was evidently waiting him with her anchor away. He found the Senorita Inez awaiting him in the cabin, and a few words served to explain all to each other.

"But your father, Inez, what shall we do about him?"

"Alas!" she replied, "scarcely had you been separated from us before a fever attacked him, and in a few days he was placed in the grave of his ancestors."

"And whither shall we go to escape the authorities?"

"I have thought to America."

"And will you go with me, Inez—do you still love me?"

There was no answer, but she placed her hand within his more eloquently than words could have explained.

"This stratagem, Inez—was it all design?—the blowing up of the guard-house—was that purposed?"

"It was; and my two faithful overseers have done their duty thoroughly. I knew I could trust them, and offered each a fortune if success should crown their efforts."

"This was a bold expedient."

"True; none other could have succeeded, they told me."

All was speedily arranged for their departure; and before the sun sunk behind the western horizon, the schooner, with her head to the northwest, was ploughing the Gulf for New Orleans. The trusty overseers were never recognized in the affair, nor even suspected; and for years the mode of Lieutenant Mendez's escape was a mystery. Inez's brother soon returned from the United States, and took possession of the estate, sharing its proceeds with his sister, but she never returned to Cuba.

Lieutenant Mendez and his beautiful wife settled in New Orleans, where their large income enabled them to live in the most elegant and sumptuous manner, and a long series of years crowned their life with happiness. Their country estate and immense plantation on the banks of the Mississippi is still pointed out, and their romantic story told to the curious. And one of the most opulent planters in Louisiana is their only son and descendant, inheriting the great wealth left by them.

The Spanish government at last getting the knowledge of this, endeavored to demand and retake the deserter; but his great wealth and high position enabled him to avoid any unpleasant consequences, and the Lieutenant of Hussars was a happy man to the end of life.

### THE BARGAIN HUNTER BAFFLED.

A Roman prince, more notorious for his pretensions to *vertu*, than for his liberality to artists, sauntering one day in Salvator's gallery, in the Via Babbuina, paused before one of his landscapes, and after a long contemplation of its merits, exclaimed, "*Salvator mio!* I am strongly tempted to purchase this picture; tell me at once the lowest price?"

"Two hundred scudi," replied Salvator, carelessly.

"Two hundred scudi! *chime!* that is a price! but we will talk of that another time."

The illustrissimo took his leave; but bent upon having the picture he shortly returned, and again inquired the lowest price.

"Three hundred scudi," was the sullen reply.

"Carpo di bacco!" cried the astonished prince, "*mi burla vostra umoria;* you are joking! I see I must e'en wait upon your better humor; and so *addio, Signor Rosa.*"

The next day brought back the prince to the painter's gallery; who, on entering, saluted Salvator with a jocose air, and added, "Well, Signor Amico, how goes the market to-day? Have prices risen or fallen?"

"Four hundred scudi is the price to-day!" replied Salvator, with affected calmness; when, suddenly giving way to his natural impetuosity, and no longer stifling his indignation, he burst forth: "The fact is, your excellency would not now obtain this picture from me at any price; and yet, so little value do I put upon its merits, that I deem it worthy no better fate than *this;*" and snatching the panel, on which it was painted, from the wall, he flung it to the ground, and with his foot broke it into a hundred pieces. His *excellency* made an unceremonious retreat, and returned no more to drive a hard bargain.—*Anecdotes of Artists.*

### A NEW OIL PLANT.

The small tree (Castigliona lobata) known in Peru under the name of Pioncello, and Sureo, Huacho, and Sambageque, also growing wild in considerable abundance in those regions, it has been ascertained, yields a valuable oil, well adapted to the purposes of illumination. Its bean-like fruit, or seeds, when roasted, have an agreeable flavor, preferable to that of the olive. When eaten raw, the ethereal oil generated between the kernel and the outer skin is a strong cathartic, the effects of which can only be counteracted by drinking cold water. It has been ascertained that the seeds will grow in Baltimore; and, doubtless plantations of this tree might be formed in many parts of the South, from which vast quantities of oil might be produced, and thus add another link to the great chain of our national wealth. The Patent Office has taken measures to procure some of the seeds of this tree for trial in the South and Southwest. —*New York Express.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

Do you remember the old school house with its weather-beaten clapboards, and huge old-fashioned fire-place, where, on the cold winter mornings the big logs used to crackle such a ruddy welcome to rosy cheeks and frosty fingers? (and a good many of them, there used to be, too.)

Squeak! squeak! Something goes across the entry—there is a fumbling at the latch, and then the door opens and a pair of little roguish, black eyes peep out from a frosty comforter, first at the roaring fire, and then around the room to see if the school-master has come yet. Soon another follows, and then another, until the old fire-place is thronged with a motley group; some with shining faces, and clothes neat and clean—others, with dirt begrimed visages, and coats like Joseph's, save the cut and stitches, all talking, laughing and shouting, with a noise reminding one of a miniature Babel. And then how still it was all at once, when the master's rat-tat-tat was heard upon the casing of the outer door. Do you remember the peculiar noise that old ruler made, and how peculiar it felt, too, when it used to come down on your hand in justice to some of your juvenile delinquencies? Strange if you don't! O, those were rare old times then, when the lesson was hard to get, and the school-master's back was turned.

And then in the summer time, when you used to have to sit on the hard bench all day and "say A." And perchance if you got to sleep, and rolled off with your little nose in pretty close proximity to the floor, to have the big schoolmarm come along and soothe the pain by intimating that she had a sharp penknife for the ears of those little boys who couldn't sit on their benches without getting to sleep. It was a little more than you could stand. No wonder the little lip quivered, and you suddenly wanted to go home and see ma. And then that great fire-place, yawning out like the cave of Avernus from the clustering evergreens and flowers, which the big girls had wreathed around to hide its unseemliness—how fearful you used to be of that, it looked so much like the big, dark cupboard where grandma kept boogers, for the special benefit of naughty little boys. But the old school house is in ruin now:

> "And a quiet which crawls
> Round the walls as you gaze
> Has followed the olden din."

Its inmates, too, are gone. Little black-eyed Harry grew up, became a sailor, and was lost in a storm upon the ocean. Romping Kate found a husband long ago, and has gone to keeping school on her own hook—while Mary, gentle, blue-eyed Mary—she whom you used to love so well, and without whose company the way to school used to seem so sad and long, many summers ago grew weary, and went to rest in a corner of the old church-yard with the green turf rounded over her bosom. All are gone, or mingling far away in the busy scenes of life, and the never melting snows of age falls lightly as we pass on to the season when the "almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden because man goeth to his long home."

Yes, the old school house is gone, but it is a Mecca in our memory.

### ELOQUENT BREVITY.

Once upon a time, in a certain city, there lived a merchant, whose name is not at all necessary. Times were hard, as they are now, and the merchant had received from one of his customers at a distance, in answer to a previous dun, a letter stating his difficulties, and requesting time.

Agitated, not with that matter only, but many others, the merchant paced the floor of his counting-room, with arms behind his back, and a lowering brow. Stopping, suddenly, he turned to his clerk and said:

"Mr. ——, write that man without delay."

"Yes, sir."

The paper was ready, and the pen filled with ink; but still the merchant held his peace; his clerk called to him once or twice, and not receiving any answer, left his stool and went to remind him that he was ready

"Well, write."

"What shall I write?"

"Something or nothing, and that very quick."

Back to his desk went the clerk, rapidly moved his fingers over the paper. The letter was sealed and backed, and sent to the office. By return of mail came a letter from his delinquent customer, inclosing the money in full of his account. The merchant's eyes glistened when he opened his letter, and hastening to his clerk, he said:

"What did you say to —— when you wrote the other day? Here is the money this morning in full of his account."

"I wrote just what you told me—and kept a copy of the letter."

Going to his letter book, and opening, he found the following:

"DEAR SIR:—Something or nothing, and that very quick. Yours, etc."

And that letter brought the money.—*Louisville Democrat.*

### JOHN CHINAMAN ASTONISHED.

Europeans, who go to China, are apt to consider the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire very odd, and supremely ridiculous, and the provincial Chinese at Canton and Macao pay back this sentiment with interest. It is very amusing to hear their sarcastic remarks on the appearance of the devils of the West, their utter astonishment at the sight of their tight-fitting garments, their wonderful trousers, and prodigious round hats, like chimney-pots, the shirt collars adapted to cut off the ears, and making a frame around such grotesque faces, with long noses, and blue eyes, no beard or moustache, but a handful of curly hair on each cheek. The shape of the dress-coat puzzles them above everything. They try in vain to account for it, calling it a half-garment, because it is impossible to make it meet over the breast, and because there is nothing in front to correspond with the tail behind. They admire the judgment and exquisite taste of putting buttons behind the back where they never have anything to button. How much handsomer they think themselves, with their narrow, oblique, black eyes, high cheek bones, and little round noses, their shaven crowns, and magnificent pigtails hanging almost to their heels. Add to all these natural graces, a conical hat, covered with red fringe, an ample tunic, with large sleeves, and black satin boots, and a white sole, of immense thickness, and it may be evident to all that a European cannot compare in appearance with a Chinese.—*San Francisco Herald.*

Unbidden guests know not where to sit down.

[Translated from the German for the Flag.]

## THE CORRECTION.

BY WM. A. EXTON.

A tenant's cottage on the plain
Stands near the landlord's larger pile;
A poor, lone widow lives there, fain
To have her son come cheer a while.

A farmer's daughter, trained to toil,
Her cleanly house is all her pride;
And half her care, that nothing soil
Its bare, white boards, that care to chide.

The cot is old and gray, too;
Yet neighbors kind will sometimes call,
And ever praise her floor's bright hue;
But she esteems it more than all.

One eve the landlord's daughter there,
As wonted, came to borrow oil;
Since even comforts may be spare
With folks that hold much fallow soil.

But fear of want (it often haunts
The rich as well as needy poor),
Vexed much the widow; her first glance
Was towards the future, still obscure.

Her own lamp is not overstocked,
Yet must she for to-morrow spare;
Refusing quite she would be shocked—
The neighbor went with scanty share.

But that same night, when all was stilled,
The widow's lamp—she knew not how—
Over was turned, its contents spilled,
And O, a sight it was there now!

Deep shrank her self-accusing heart;
"I might have spared my neighbor more:
Why did I choose the ignoble part?
The stain will never leave the floor!"

Thus did she grieve—but at her door
If e'er a neighbor craves again,
That foul, dark spot upon her floor,
Will save its being quite in vain.

And so the son who loves "old saws,"
Maintains that Goodness ruleth free;
And every time we scorn his laws,
Leaves there a stain we loathe to see.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## COUSIN JOHN.

BY MRS. N. E. MUNROE.

If there was anything in the wide world which my good aunt feared, it was the whistling and puffing of a locomotive; and if there was anything which my cousin John loved, it was that same fire-monster. Its wildest shriek was music to him, and the very smoke belching from its monstrous throat, was to him a perfect delight. A shudder passed through my aunt's frame every time she saw the furious train go by, while my cousin John would pause in his work, and leaning upon his hoe, or his plough, as the case might be, watch the rushing, flying train with longing eyes.

That life upon the wild fire-horse was just the life for my daring cousin. Agreeably to his mother's wishes, he had been apprenticed to a trade; but long before he had served out his time, he had gone far away with his first love, to the horror, the daily and nightly anxiety of his mother. He loved the engine as a man loves the fiery steed, and what a dull, monotonous life was that at the work-bench compared to this, of rushing on through town and village, through forest and mountain, and over broad, deep rivers. He knew his mother liked not the life, but the spell was upon him, and he cared not to break it. As a man leaveth father and mother and cleaveth to his wife, so he left his lone, widowed mother for his first love, the locomotive. Here he commanded good wages, for he was trusty and faithful, and the life just suited him. But it made his mother days full of anxiety and suffering. A hundred times she imagined him thrown from the engine, and the wheels passing over him, mangling and crushing his dear form; a hundred times she had dreamed he had been brought home a mangled corpse. She had no peace during the day, for she could hear the whistling of the engine, the rumbling of the cars; and at night fearful dreams haunted her sleep.

She used all her powers of persuasion to win him from this life, but for some time without effect. Cousin John was a careless, heedless, merry fellow, and seemed to think his mother's aversion to his occupation a mere whim. My aunt was a practical sort of a woman, not at all given to sentimentalism; what she had to say she said in a very direct manner; she had now a plan in her head which John knew nothing about.

"I don't know," said he, in answer to a remark of hers, "what I shall do if I leave the road. I cannot work in the shop, that's certain."

"Why not, John?" said she. "There's Mr. Turner works in the shop, and lives with his mother as contentedly as can be. I should think it much better than the harum scarum life on an engine."

"George Turner—pooh!" said John, with strong contempt; "I hope you don't call him up as an example; he has no 'go ahead' at all."

"Well, I don't care if he hasn't," said my aunt, bluntly. "He makes a comfortable living, and makes his mother happy besides, which is more than some people are willing to do."

John understood the allusion, but didn't choose to notice it.

"He doesn't get half the wages that I have on the road."

"But his neck is not in peril all the time. When he goes away in the morning, his mother may, without the interposition of a miracle, expect to see him home at night; but who is sure of their life for ten minutes on one of those horrid engines?"

"I believe," said John, "in the doctrine, that people never die till their time comes; and as to the danger of the thing, that is all in your imagination. A carpenter might fall from the staging, and break his neck; or a horse might kick a blacksmith in the head while being shod; or a gentleman might be thrown from his carriage, and killed; all these things have happened, but there are still carpenters, and blacksmiths, and gentlemen."

"Well," said my aunt, shaking her head, but not at all convinced by the stunning argument, "I wish you would not go on the road any more. If you don't want to go back to your trade, you needn't. I will buy that little farm which you know you liked so well, and which is now for sale, and you may carry it on as well as you can—anything to keep you at home."

"Well, mother, just as you say. Farming is better than working in the shop; but I expect you'll keep house for me, or things will go to ruin fast."

"Yes, John, I'll keep house. I'll do the work in-doors if you'll only attend to the out-door work, and be happy and contented. It is a good chance for you—much better than you deserve. All I wish is that the place was out of the hearing of the cars."

"You are behind the age, mother," said John, "not to like the cars; if I just had a steam engine for ploughing, and planting, and making hay, I should like farming. Wouldn't it be nice to have a churn go by steam?—it is such tedious work to make butter."

"No, John, I prefer churning the old way; it is good enough for me; and I hate the very sound of steam."

"O, no, mother. I've often heard you say you liked the singing of the kettle."

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So my wild cousin John was settled down on a farm, and my good aunt established as housekeeper. And hers was no easy task I can assure you—it was work, work, from morning till night. It was milking, skimming milk, and scalding milk pans; churning butter, and making up butter for the market; to say nothing of making cheese, and all the cooking requisite for a farmer's family. In haying time, especially, there was no rest for the sole of her foot; and it was breakfast, luncheon, dinner, luncheon, and supper, interspersed with pitchers of cool drink. It was broiling over the hot fire one hour, down into the cold cellar the next, to work over the butter, and perhaps out in the sun to assist the haymakers the next.

And she must have an eye to everything, not only in the house, but out of doors; for John was not a model farmer. She must see that the vegetable garden was attended to in proper season; she must see that the fowls were all right, that the little chickens did not perish of neglect in the cold spring storms, that the eggs were all hunted up; she must see that the pigs were fed, and very often even fed them herself; she must see that the grass was cut when it was in just the right state, and after it was cut, she must be careful that John did not in careless haste put it in the barn too soon, or, in heedless neglect, leave it out too long. All through haying time she must watch the weather, and if she saw a black cloud, give John no rest until he put all hands to work to secure the crop which was in danger.

There was no denying that my aunt was a smart woman. She always had been a smart woman; but still this work and care was more than she could well bear. Yet she never complained; she was willing to work her fingers to the very bone, could she by so doing keep John at home; and when she went to bed at night, tired and weary, she was happy in the thought that he was under the same roof with herself, instead of flying over the country on a locomotive. And when she rose to go to her daily toil, the same thought gave her strength to keep on in her hard, laborious life.

My aunt was a scrupulously neat body, everything about the house looked like wax-work; she had the name of making the best butter and cheese that were carried to the market, and they always brought a high price. The neighboring farmers told John he was a lucky man to have his mother to keep house; if he had a family, and was obliged to hire a housekeeper, he would find a great difference. But John did not appreciate all these blessings; he knew that his house looked neater than any farmer's in town, but for all his blessings, he had an unappreciating heart. Sometimes he wished he had never seen the farm, it was not like his first love—the engine; he did not work with a will; and had it not been for his mother, the farm would have gone sadly behind-hand, for his heart was not in it.

My aunt needed not to be told that John was not contented, and she expected every day when he would say he could stay no longer. But she, like all women, was fruitful in expedients. She saw the necessity of contriving something to make John contented at home, some counter attraction, some rival for the locomotive—what could it be? She had tried the farm, and it had answered for a time; but the charm was failing, the novelty wearing away, and every shriek of the locomotive, every visit to the depot, weakened the tie that held him there. She must think of something else. What should it be? My aunt was a shrewd woman, as the event proved, and as we shall see.

"John," said his mother, one night when he came home from work, "I had a letter from my sister Jane, who lives in the city, and one of her daughters is coming to stay with us a while."

"O, dear—a city lady!" cried John, who had a mortal dread of starched-up people; "I shan't dare to come into the house then. You can send my dinner out to the field; I will breakfast before my lady is up; and take supper while she walks out by the light of the moon."

"Nonsense, John, you don't know anything about her."

"But your city folks think country people are so much beneath them. They come to see us as a matter of great condescension, and because the country is pleasant in summer time, because berries are plenty, and they have a taste for fruit; and more than all, because it is genteel to go into the country. They look around them with a very patronizing air; perhaps they walk into the kitchen, and see the process of churning—for they have a taste for good butter, nice white biscuit, cakes and berry pies; so, for a while, Cousin John and Aunt Sarah are very nice people. But when they get back to the city, it is all forgotten—Cousin John is never expected to favor them with a visit, and Aunt Sarah never leaves home."

"Well, John," said my aunt, "are you done? If so, you might as well sit down and eat your supper. Maybe you'll feel better."

So John sat down to the nice butter, the white biscuit and berry pie, to which he did ample justice, while his mother took her turn at talking.

"Perhaps you never knew, John—indeed, I know you never did, because at the time you were upon the road, here and there, and everywhere, and nowhere long—that sister Jane's husband failed in business, having lived quite beyond his means, and having been also very unfortunate. He was a dreadfully proud, high-spirited man, and never looked up afterwards; and died in the course of three months."

"Very foolish," said John, taking another biscuit and a piece of butter; "better have gone to work and begun again."

"So his widow was left, with her children, quite poor. The eldest daughter took a school, and one of the sons obtained a clerkship, so, after a while, they got along comfortably."

"Very good," said John, passing his cup for some more tea.

"Still, as my sister has quite a large family, I thought it might be some assistance to her, as well as to myself, to have one of the younger girls come and stay with me a while; so I wrote to her, asking her to let Susan come, the third or fourth daughter, I forget which. I received a letter to day, saying she should be here on Monday. Now I hope you have no objection to all this?"

"O, no, mother. I am glad it is no worse! But I can't help thinking my uncle was a foolish man to die because he couldn't have everything just as he wanted it."

So the next Monday morning, my aunt says:

"John, do you know what time the cars get in?"

"At four o'clock, precisely," said John, who was as good as a railroad guide upon such matters.

"Then you must harness up old Bill, and go for your cousin."

"Very well, mother."

So at just a quarter before four, John started in the light wagon for the depot. He didn't stop to change his clothes, or "fix" him up at all; for he wasn't clothes-proud. Besides, he had got it into his head that it was only a girl of about thirteen or fourteen he was to bring home, to help his mother wash the dishes and make the beds.

It was about ten minutes' ride to the depot, which allowed him just five minutes to wait ere the cars came puffing up. John watched them eagerly; indeed, he was so much engaged in looking at them he almost forgot his errand.

When he did look round for the *girl* he was to take home, he saw a number of gentlemen standing on the platform, but no girl, such as he expected to see. To be sure there was a young lady standing there, well dressed, and quite handsome. By her side was a trunk, and in her hand a carpet-bag.

"I wonder if that young lady is my cousin?" thought John; and at the same instant he thought of his every-day clothes. "Why didn't mother tell me she was a young lady?" and his dread of the city lady came over him.

He gave one more look at her face; it was a frank, pleasant, pretty face, and John liked it. Evidently, the young lady was equally at a loss in recognizing her cousin, for her glance wandered over all those standing about her, and a shade of disappointment and embarrassment passed over her face. Cousin John stepped forward, and in a frank, honest way, said:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Susan Mowbray?"

She bowed, and smiled.

"This is Cousin John," said he, holding out his hand, "and entirely at your service, and ready to carry you to Aunt Sarah's."

A smile of pleasure lighted up her face, as she extended her hand to return his cordial greeting. So, without any more words, John took up the trunk, and threw it into his wagon; then taking the carpet-bag from her hand, put it by the side of the trunk; then, as politely as though a coach and six awaited her, instead of a light wagon drawn by a rough farm horse, he assisted her to a seat, and placed himself beside her. He offered no apology for the country conveyance—Cousin John was not good at apologizing; he thought to himself, "when you are with the Romans, you must do as the Romans do; when you are with country people, you must do as country people do."

At the farm house door stood Aunt Sarah ready to receive her niece.

"Why, bless me, Susan, how you have grown since I saw you last, which was four years ago. Walk right in; how does your mother do, and all the children?"

"All quite well, aunt; and wished to be remembered to you."

So Susan and her aunt conversed together for some time, and came to the conclusion ere they parted for the night, that they should get along finely together.

The next day, bright and early, Susan was up helping her aunt, and when John came in to breakfast, there she was in a pretty morning dress, setting the table as demurely as if it was quite a matter of course.

John could not but admire her light, graceful figure, as she moved about; and as she pealed the potatoes, he noticed her small, pretty hands; and as she placed the light, white biscuit on a plate, he almost wished himself a biscuit to be held in that little hand so daintily. During the breakfast, he seemed to be in a perfect "maze," passing his cup for coffee while it was still half full; and it is uncertain how many spoonsful of sugar he used for that same cup.

When breakfast was finished, John still lingered while Susan cleared away the table and washed the dishes, which being done, she said:

"Now, aunt, I am going to feed the fowls."

So out to the yard she tripped, and when she had gone, what could John do but follow her? There she stood, with the whole flock about her, and as she stooped down to let the little chickens eat from her hand, John quite envied them the privilege.

"There, John," called his mother, "it is time you were out in the field; the men need looking after. I know Susan can feed the chickens without your help."

Susan looked up; she didn't know he was there. She smiled very archly, as she replied:

"He's afraid to trust me, I suppose, and well he might be, if he knew how fond I am of them—cooked."

It was, indeed, high time for John to take his departure. Cousin Susan may prove more dangerous than all the locomotives in the State.

John worked hard all that forenoon; but he worked in silence, and the men wondered what had come over him, for they missed his merry jokes.

He was glad when it was dinner time. Susan looked quite as fresh and pretty as she did in the morning, and John had the pleasure of tasting a pudding made by her own white hands, and which was lighter, and sweeter, and better, than any pudding that ever before was made, and to which he did justice both in word and deed.

And so the days passed, and John seemed in a delightful dream. Susan learned the work of a farm wonderfully quick. She soon almost rivalled Aunt Sarah in making butter, and went far before her in the mysteries of pies and cakes.

Susan had been at the farm some weeks, had been at church, and had made calls upon the neighbors with her aunt, which, of course, in due time were returned.

Mrs. Turner and her son George called, with others. Now George Turner was a nice, spruce looking young man, full of small talk, and very fond of the ladies. He was quite smitten with Susan; when she was in the room, he could talk to no one else, and he always contrived to walk from church with her to the very door.

John never liked him; in the first place, he had been set up as an example for him to follow—in the next place, he thought him conceited, vain and shallow. And now John liked him less than ever; and as time passed on, matters grew worse. Every Sunday night, and two or three nights in the week, George Turner was to be seen at the farm, sitting or walking with Susan. Coming from church, John could never have the pleasure of Susan's company, unless shared with him, which he would not do. And the worst of all was, he wasn't sure but that Susan liked him. She talked and laughed with him, and always seemed glad to see him. But then she was also very pleasant to John.

She would often come tripping down to the field to bring some nice dainty, or a cool drink, and sometimes she would come just before tea and walk home with him, and they would have been very happy together, had it not been for George Turner.

But to John he was a perfect Mordecai. Susan might laugh with him, talk with him, make him nice cakes and cool lemonade, and even walk by his side and look up into his face in a very cousin-like and friendly way, but it availed nothing, so long as George Turner came to the house three nights in the week, and walked from church with her every Sunday.

Summer passed, and the winter came; the evenings grew long, and John would read aloud to his aunt and cousin, while they worked, and they were very happy,—excepting when George Turner dropped in, and then John was sure to drop out.

They had pleasant parties in the neighborhood, and merry times, but George Turner was always present, which was enough to spoil John's pleasure.

One day, John had been to the village, and when he came home, his face looked dark and gloomy. His mother saw there was a storm coming, and she knew pretty well from what quarter.

It was a pleasant winter's day, and he had been to the village and hired a fine horse and sleigh, intending to give Susan a little surprise and carry her to ride. But who should he meet, as he was coming home, but George Turner and Susan riding along, seemingly as happy as need be. John pulled his cap over his forehead, gave his horse a stroke with the whip, and dashed by with the speed of lightning. No wonder he came home soured and disappointed.

"Fine sleighing, John, isn't it?" said his mother; "where did you get that nice sleigh?"

"Down in the village," said he, between his closed teeth; and he stood very straight and still, looking into the fire.

"It is a pity you wasn't here a little sooner."

"I am glad I wasn't; if she had rather go with that beap of conceit, let her, I don't care."

"Pooh! don't storm, John; he came first, and what could she do? If you had just asked her before you went for the sleigh, she could have said she was engaged; but, as you didn't, I don't see any use in being mad about it."

"Well, he is always here; I wish the fellow would stay at home."

"He wont do that, John, as long as there is a chance for him to do so well here."

"I shan't stand it much longer, I'm going back to the road. George Turner can marry Susan, and you can carry on the farm together."

My aunt turned up her eyes with a very knowing look, but John was looking straight into the fire and didn't see her.

"It would be a good chance for anybody," said she, "a good farm, a good wife, and an old lady to look after affairs,—who bids first; now's your chance."

"Why, mother," said John, "I should think you were a little crazed."

"Not at all; if anybody is crazed, it is yourself."

"I shall be, if I stay here much longer; I say I am going back to the road."

"Yes, and get killed, as I always thought you would," said his mother.

"It is immaterial to me."

"Well, it isn't to me, John; what should I do, if you were killed?"

"I can't stand this, at any rate."

His mother went up to him, and looking in his face, said:

"John, I didn't think you would be such a fool."

He started, and looked straight at her.

"What do you mean, mother?"

"What do I mean? why, if you are jealous of George Turner, it is because you love Susan, and if you love Susan, why in the name of common sense don't you tell her so, and see if she loves you; if she does, of course there will be an end of all trouble. George Turner can stay at home, and you can be as happy as you please."

"And if she don't?" said John.

"If she don't, then you can give her up, like a man, and let her marry the man she does love. But it is of no use making yourself miserable, when, as likely as not, you ought to be the happiest man alive. But young people are sometimes very blind and foolish. Now, go put up your horse and sleigh in the barn, and you can speak to Susan to-night, and if she says yes, what hinders you from carrying her to ride to-morrow?"

In due time, George Turner and Susan came home; the former soon took his leave, and did not return.

After tea, my aunt was very busy in the kitchen, while John and Susan sat in the little sitting-room, where the moon, which always shines when lovers need its light, streamed in very pleasantly. John's heart trembled a little as he sat there, and it required all his courage to take his cousin's little hand and ask her to be his wife. But he did do it, at last, and the little hand was not withdrawn, but rested very affectionately in his own rough, honest palm. Then John was very happy, and didn't care a fig for George Turner, and wondered that he could have been so foolish when it was so easy to know the truth.

A happy woman was my aunt that night. She did not venture into the parlor for some time, you may be sure; but, with a woman's nice tact, she knew that matters were prospering. She knew that the low tones she heard were propitious; she knew, too, that John would not have stayed in the room so long, had Susan said no. There would have been some sort of an outbreak, ere this, had John been refused.

But after a while, she ventured in, making considerable noise, ere she opened the door, lest her entrance might seem abrupt,

"Why, bless me," said she, "have you been sitting all this time without a light?"

"The moonlight is very pleasant," said Susan. And my aunt could see by its light that the two were sitting quite near together on the sofa, that John's arm was around Susan's waist, and that her hand was in his. No doubt the moonlight was very pleasant.

"Did you know, Susan," said my aunt, "that John is getting discontented, and says he cannot stay on the farm any longer."

"Yes, aunt, he has told me."

"But I've altered my mind, mother. I think I may as well stay, especially as Susan has agreed that she will not go to ride any more with George Turner, or walk home with him from church on Sundays. To tell the truth, she has agreed that no one but my humble self shall lay any claim to this little hand henceforth."

"For which, aunt, he has promised to stay at home, work on the farm, be contented, think no more of locomotives, and make his mother and—"

"His wife happy."

Susan put her hand to his mouth, but it was too late; the words had been spoken.

The next morning, the gay horse and sleigh stood at the door, and a happy couple came out for a morning drive. On their way, they met George Turner, to whom cousin John bowed very politely, for he could well afford to do so, knowing, as he did, how much he had the advantage of him.

My cousin John makes a most excellent farmer, and my aunt says that a certain cure for the wild notions that young men sometimes fall into, is love. She says that it has a power stronger even than that of steam, which is allowed to have conquered nearly everything, but love is strongest.

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### SPARROWGRASS.

"Some thirty years ago," says a correspondent of the New York Despatch, "a party of young men, myself among the number, clubbed together for a grand dinner at a public house, which at that time was kept on the west side of the town—in Hudson Street, I believe. When the night arrived, a hungry party had assembled, and the edibles had met with ample justice, but when supper was over, there was still enough left to feed half a dozen hungry ones, and after the room was cleared I invited a couple of Irish laborers in the bar-room, who had a somewhat lean and hungry look, to 'go in' and finish the fragments. They needed not a second invitation, but were soon hard at work with hands and jaws. As I stood carelessly looking at a picture in the room, I heard one of them whisper to the other, as he took up the tops of a bunch of celery, the esculent portion of which had been devoured, 'Ehat d'ye call this, Ted?' 'That,' was the response of Ted, who evidently did not wish to appear ignorant, 'that is *sparrowgrass!*' 'Is it?' said the first questioner, as he took a large mouthful. 'Aha! thin, it's mesilf that understands what Father Brady said about Nebuchadnezzer being turned out to ate grass—sure it was *sparrowgrass* he ate!' The explanation seemed to be entirely satisfactory to Ted."

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*.* All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"Blanche Malcolm, or, Teacher and Pupil," a story, by SUSAN H. BLAKEBELL.
"My Texas Tour," a sketch, by GEORGE G GAITHER.
"The Ruby Brooch," a tale, by EMERY K. SADOR.
"Bad Company," a sketch for the young, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
"The Song of other Days," verses, by H H. HUDSON.
"I think of thee," lines by E M RODNEY.
"The Dying Wife to her Husband," stanzas, by ANNA M. BAYES.
"Ursula," a poem, by R. S SMITH.
"The Faded Rose," lines, by FINLEY JOHNSON
"O, the Changing," verses, by R. S. DENIO.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"The Squall," "Miss Virginia Delaset," "To Dorie," "Matrimony," "The Miser," "My Early Home," "Isabelle," "Twilight Hour," "Lines," "Leaf from my Portfolio," "To Annie," and "Evening on the Mill-Pond."

## THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

While the French and English are waging war against the Russians, a contest, the results of which will probably be fully as important to the world, is going on in the very birth-place of the human race, although we hear but little of it, in consequence of the extreme remoteness of the theatre of conflict. Yet it appears that the insurgents are continually gaining ground, and that the imperialists are beaten in almost every battle with their antagonists. This uniform success proves that the victorious party must pursue other tactics than those used by the governments, and shows conclusively that European heads are at work directing their military movements; for it is well known that the military forces of China are wretchedly ineffective. A few well-disciplined European regiments would readily effect a reduction of the entire empire.

The war which China sustained against England, and in which she was so completely beaten, served to demonstrate the military weakness of the Celestial Empire, the impotence of her arms, and the incompetency of her generals. A handful of soldiers, exhausted by the fatigues of a long passage and the heat of the climate, routed all the Chinese troops, burned all the fleets, and carried by assault all the fortresses which opposed its progress. European tactics triumphed at all points, and by victories so easy, that the expedition undertaken by the English on those remote shores strikes us more by its audacity than its success.

Still we cannot but wonder that, in a country so vast, where society has been organized for centuries, and where civilization is lost in the night of ages, military institutions, those that constitute the real strength of nations, should not be developed at the same time as civil institutions, if not to the same degree, at least in a sufficient measure to ensure the independence of the state. This astonishment increases when we take the trouble to turn over a few pages of the ancient annals of China. The Celestial Empire, before reaching that perfect unity which now challenges our admiration, was divided into a crowd of little states or principalities, whose chiefs, continually at war, devoted themselves to severe contests. In the books of Mong-tseu, we see the wise philosopher hastening from one kingdom to the other, preaching everywhere concord and peace. It seems that the Chinese nation had its period of strife and warlike exploits, and that the age of iron, as in European history, preceded the peaceful destinies of the age of gold. Moreover, the great wall, raised at so much expense against the incessant invasions of the Tartars, indicated a long series of wars, which these prodigious labors of fortification were designed to bring to a close. Finally, the Tartar dynasty, which has been seated on the throne since the commencement of the seventeenth century (1616), did not at once obtain possession of all parts of the Celestial Empire; the southern princes resisted for a long time, and it was not till 1650, that is, nearly thirty years afterwards, that the Tartars saw themselves completely masters of China.

Since that epoch, it is true, we have seen no trace of war; the Tartar blood has become chilled, and the conquerors have by degrees commingled with the conquered. The emperors of the reigning dynasty are rather known by their literary labors and their pious works, than by the boldness of their enterprises and the power of their arms. Can it be true, therefore, that a nation must live constantly in a state of war, under penalty of losing all energy at a moment of danger, and that the necessity of repulsing invasion, of defending territory, is not enough to awaken sentiments of courage and strength, momentarily lulled to rest by the sweet influences of peace? Inferiority of weapons and absence of discipline alone could not explain the sad defeats of the Chinese troops.

MEANNESS.—We lately chronicled the fact of a scoundrel's stealing a blind man's dog in Boston; we have now another act of the same sort, the robbery of a coat belonging to a gallant man named Neal, of this city, who had taken it off to plunge into the water to rescue a drowning fellow-being, whom the thief was too cowardly to assist.

PICTORIAL—VOLUME EIGHTH.—We have now on hand and for sale the eighth volume of our Pictorial, elegantly bound, in uniform style with the previous numbers, full gilt and in the best manner. We sell the set of eight volumes, complete, for *sixteen dollars.*

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—The decrease of the number of emigrants from Europe to Canada, this year, will not probably be less than fifty thousand.

## HEALTH AND HABITS OF GREAT MEN.

Meseral, the historian, was accustomed to work only by candle light, even in broad daylight in midsummer. He never failed to escort his visitors to the door, lamp in hand, no matter what the hour of the day might be. Girodet, the famous French painter, did not like to work in the day time—inspiration always came to him, as to Schiller, in the night. When filled with the divine *afflatus* he rose, had an immense chandelier suspended in his studio lighted, put an enormous hat on his head stuck full of lighted candles, and in this singular costume, painted for whole hours. He ruined his health by these practices, and at the close of his short life, his genius seemed linked only to a corpse. Michael Angelo, after painting the ceilings of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, experienced a singular accident—he could not see anything that he looked down upon; if he wished to read a letter, he was obliged to hold it over his head. This singular incommodity lasted several months. Sir Joseph Banks, afterwards president of the Royal Society of London, when at Otaheite, submitted to be painted black from head to foot, that he might be present at a funeral ceremony, he could not otherwise be permitted to witness. Napoleon, who was afraid of apoplexy, asked Corvisart, his physician, one day, for some positive notions respecting this malady. "Sire," said the physician, "apoplexy is always dangerous; but it has its prophetic fore-runners. It is very rarely that nature strikes without previous warning. A first attack, almost always a slight one, is a summons without costs; a second, much stronger, is a summons with costs, but the third is an execution."

Dr. Clark, the celebrated botanist, having one day strongly inhaled the perfume of a flower, an insect entered the nostril and caused an inflammation which speedily proved mortal. The musician Lulli, was one day beating time with a long stick, struck his foot severely, and died almost immediately from the effects of the blow. Injudicious bleeding has caused the death of many eminent men. Raphael died of awkward and untimely blood-letting, in the flower of his age. After losing a great deal of blood prescribed for an inflammatory colic, the strength of Mirabeau suddenly sank, and could not be restored; and Byron's death was hastened by the too free use of the lancet in Greece.

## THE POTATO ROT.

Mr. Malcom Wilmot, sen., of Monkton, N. B., writes us that he thinks he has discovered a remedy for the potato rot, in the application of sixteen bushels of salt to the acre. Two years trial has convinced him of its efficacy. We are aware that salt is essential to all good culture, and we have ourselves used it with good effect, in the making of compost, but should hesitate to apply it at a greater rate than six bushels to the acre, and even then in not a crude state—unless in exceptional cases, as in the culture of asparagus, a saline plant, which will bear a large quantity of salt. Still the experiment is worth trying, cautiously, and on a small scale. Any land injured by a too free use of salt, may be restored by the application of lime which neutralizes its effect.

A CONFIRMED OLD BACHELOR.—A rascally philosopher, whose name ought to have been handed down to posterity for feminine execration, on being asked why he lived single, replied: "To live more quietly; for if I find a good wife, I shall be afraid of losing her; if she is otherwise, I shall have trouble in supporting her; if she is poor, she will have wants to satisfy; if she is rich, she will exact deference; if she is beautiful, I shall have to watch her, and what is worse, she will not even thank me for the sacrifice of my liberty."

LOVE ME—LOVE MY DOG.—The servility of subjects in monarchical countries is almost incomprehensible to us sturdy Americans; but it is a matter of course to the benighted inhabitants of king-governed countries. An instance of exaggerated loyalty occurs to us this moment. In a certain provincial city of France, an equestrian statue of Louis XIII., was solemnly inaugurated, on which occasion, the mayor made an address to the statue, and the alderman delivered a speech to the horse!

A CENTENNARIAN CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. Mr. Sawyer, now a resident of Maine, lately travelled four hundred miles to Hebron, Connecticut, his native place. Though in his hundredth year, this venerable man is in the full possession of all his faculties; preached at Hebron with fervor and effect, and administered the rite of baptism, which he had himself received on the same spot, ninety-nine years ago.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are being constantly addressed from all parts of the country, with letters of inquiry, relating to various subjects. Such of these as contain letter stamps to pre-pay the postage in return, are answered promptly; otherwise, the letters are taken no notice of. We adhere strictly to this rule.

WISE FORETHOUGHT.—A very handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding-day. One of her bridemaids asked her the subject of her meditations. "I was thinking," she replied, "who I should marry in case I should become a widow."

THE SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO.—Enclose us twenty-five cents, and receive this centre-table ornament, elegantly illustrated, by return of mail. To young persons studying drawing it is indispensable, and a beautiful pictorial gem for all.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—This favorite magazine is for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country for *ten cents* per single copy, each number complete in itself.

NEW FLOUR.—Flour made from this season's wheat is coming into the market rapidly. This year's harvest will prove abundant, after all.

## EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The cholera is added to the horrors of the sword in the Crimea.

The Government of Naples and the Jesuits are at swords' points with each other.

The Indians on the great western plains are hostile and troublesome.

The general aspect of the crops throughout the country continues good.

The color, presented to the N. Y. City Guard by the N. E. Guards, was painted by Somerby.

The rule of friendship is to be as slow in making friends as in offending them.

Sixty-seven female drunkards were lately serving out their sentences at Deer Island.

The Americans residing at Hamilton, C. W., celebrated the Fourth of July in great style.

The bears in Vermont are devouring sheep. Their conduct is perfectly unbearable.

Five marines were lately sent to the House of Correction for assault on some watchmen.

A miser is like a man who voluntarily starves in a baker's shop.

A fine fish is still occasionally caught in the Cochituate water-pipes.

An old law read thus: "Suicide is forbidden under pain of death."

A monument is to be erected to those who have fallen in the service of New England—rum.

A man's genius is like a sword, of which his body is the scabbard.

The emperor Alexander is to be crowned King of Poland. He should blush at his title.

There are several crowned heads at Paris now, where the people once took off crown and head.

One day, at the custom-house, 1263 doz. eggs were *entered*, and broken open afterwards.

The United States export rum and pork to the Crimea largely, now.

The Fulton Car Works, of Sandusky, have a contract to execute of $80,000.

The best soldiers are those who speak least of their exploits. Gas is not gallantry.

Thirteen first class steamships were at one time lying in the harbor of San Francisco.

The last we heard of Hard Times, the old fellow was at Salt Lake. Good-by to him.

San Francisco, it appears, is now filled with flowers, flounces and finery.

The United States Treasury is troubled with a plethora of silver coin.

## HORSES IN PARIS.

Carl Benson, the Paris correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, says: "Ladies' saddle-horses are not to be had, *neither are carriage-horses*, which will surprise you. In thirteen days' search I could not find a decent pair for sale at *any* price. If this war lasts another year, the Europeans will be importing horses from America; and it would be well worth the attention of our farmers and breeders to raise *large* horses, sixteen handers, fit to draw a heavy carriage, or carry a heavy man. Good gentlemen's saddle-horses are still to be found, by *paying for them;* a first-rate one stands you in $800. Why can't some of our enterprising dealers take the hint; run over to Paris with a string of nags, see our friend Louis and the "Exposition," and pocket a cool hundred per cent. profit, after paying all expenses? It would be a nice speculation for Streeter.

## A POST MORTEM EPISTLE.

A Swiss soldier, in Napoleon's time, having been sentenced to death for desertion, sent for the clerk of his company, and dictated the following letter to his wife, which he had dated the day after his death: "My dear wife,—Hoping you are enjoying good health as I am at present, I take this opportunity to inform you that I was shot yesterday, at half past 11, A. M. Thank Heaven, I died bravely, and have had the pleasure of observing that the whole regiment mourned for me. Forget me not, and remind my children that they have no father. Your affectionate husband, etc."

CHANGING FRONT.—When General Pelissier asphyxiated the Arabs in their caves at Algeria a few years since, the English papers denounced his inhumanity. Lately the London Globe said of the same officer: "He is a man noted for not letting his feelings interfere with his sense of duty." And then, instigated by describing his Algerian exploits, adds: "It is to be hoped he will find some equally decisive means of destroying the defenders of the ramparts of Sebastopol."

SWALLOWS.—As a proof of the valuable services rendered by swallows, it is estimated that one of these birds will destroy, at a low calculation, 900 insects per day; and when it is considered that some insects produce as many as nine generations in a summer, the state of the air but for these birds may be readily conceived. One kind of insect alone might produce 560,970,489,000,000,000 of its race in a single year.

THE HARVEST.—Our exchanges from every quarter bring cheering accounts of the growing crops, and there is now every reason to believe that the harvest of 1855 will be the largest ever realized in this country. Stimulated by short supplies and high prices, and by the prospect of a ready market in Europe, an unusual breadth of land has been seeded.

AN EXTENSIVE LOT OF DAUGHTERS.—Mr. Backus, a clergyman of Newington, Conn., had ten daughters, each six feet high. Think of sixty feet of fine young women in a family! They ought to have been married to young giants of the west.

THE BOSTON DIRECTORY, for July, published by George Adams, makes its appearance, containing the usual amount of accurate business information; an excellent and indispensable work for business people.

MISS ELISE HENSLER.—This charming young vocalist was called by her music teacher, in Italy, the "Little Sontag." Her vocal ability is unquestionable and unquestioned.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Queen Philippa," a story, by FRANCIS P. PEPPERELL.
"Out of Work," a sketch, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
"The Rescue," a story of the gaming house, by LIEUTENANT MURRAY.
"June," verses, by Mrs. M. W. CUSHING.
"To Willie E. Fabor," stanzas, by ANNA M. BAYES.
"Dreams," a poem, by T. D. WILKINS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Launch of the new Steam Frigate Merrimac, from the Navy Yard, Charlestown.
A large engraving, representing the Departure from Suez, once the Residence of Napoleon Bonaparte.
View of the Island of Majorca.
Representation of Fort Mahon, Minorca.
View of the Island of Ivica.
Picture of the Bridge over Rock River, on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad.
View of Lake Dunmore House, Salisbury, Vermont.
A Sketch of Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vermont.
Representation of the Viaduct on the Illinois Central Railroad, near Lasalle, Illinois.
A large whole page picture, delineating the Bayonet Drill of the Independent Cadets on Boston Common, May 30th.
Three Representations of Fire Works on the Common in Boston, on the night of the 4th—a brilliant and artistic display of Pyrotechnics.

*.* The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

## Foreign Items.

One of the aides-de-camp of General Pelissier is Prince Polignac, son of the minister of Charles the Tenth.

The Magasin Francais says the new shapes of ladies' bonnets are even smaller than they were last spring.

Mrs. Thompson, the Jessy Lewars of Robert Burns, lately died in Dumfries, at the advanced age of nearly four-score years.

There are one hundred and thirty-eight recruiting stations in London, and all together only pick up five hundred men a week.

During the year 1854, the sum expended in the United Kingdom, in cigars and tobacco, and afterwards "lost in smoke," exceeds £8,000,000 sterling.

According to the official return, last published, the number of beet root sugar manufactories at work in France, at the end of April last, was 208, being 95 less than at the corresponding period of last year.

The largest iron sailing vessel ever constructed in the United Kingdom, is fast approaching completion on the Queen's Island, Belfast, and will be ready for launching by the end of the summer.

Twelve years ago the coach proprietors between Lancaster and Liverpool paid £300 a year to the post-office, for the privilege of carrying the mails twice a day between those two places, and at the present time the post office pays £12,000 a year for performing the same service.

Queen Victoria has established a school in Palace Street, Pimlico, London, for the instruction of the children of her domestic and other servants at Buckingham Palace. It was found that there were sixty-six children of both sexes, of a suitable age for admission. An evening school is also to be established for such of the elder children as may be prevented from attending the day school.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Superstition is the poetry of life.

If you think twice before you speak once, you will speak twice as well for it.

When friends are gained by kindness and affability, they are an easy purchase.

Pride and ill-nature will be hated in spite of all the wealth and greatness in the world. Civility is always safe, but pride creates enemies.

That which is given with pride and ostentation is rather an ambition than a bounty. Let a benefit be ever so considerable, the manner of conferring it is the noblest part.

Always have a pencil and piece of paper by you. Dr. Johnson said that some of his best thoughts were lost because he was too lazy to go into his study and hunt up a little foolscap.

Whoever is apt to hope good from others, is diligent to please them; but he that has powers strong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to please himself.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return to thinking the better. Little reading and much thinking, little speaking and much hearing, is the best way to improve in knowledge.

He that embarks on the voyage of life, will always wish to advance, rather by the impulse of the wind than the strokes of the oar; and many founder in their passage, while they lie waiting for the gale.

The real motive of half the nonsense that is uttered, both in congress and out, may be found in the passion which Dr. Johnson attributed to Warburton: "A rage for saying something when there is nothing to be said."

It ought always to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake and ends in ignominy.

## Joker's Budget.

"It is all around my hat," as the hypocrite said when he put on mourning for his departed wife.

An ingenious chemist has sent a bottle of London fog to the Paris Exhibition, as a specimen of the *raw* material.

Describing a thunder storm, a country paper says: "Several cattle were killed, but fortunately no lives were lost."

A capital (*pun* ishment) joke (or choke) was perpetrated by a stranger in Washington street, the other afternoon. An omnibus was passing, and he saw upon it, in large letters, "*neck line.*" "That's the line," said he, "which has carried many a poor fellow to eternity!"

"Madam, has your piano an æolian attachment?" asked Sam, the other night, of the wife of a man who appeared to live up to, if not beyond his income. "Hush," whispered Seth in his ear, "it has a sheriff's attachment?" Sam dropped the subject.

A virgin of twenty-three was lately throwing out some affected sneer at matrimony, when a grave friend in the company made the remark "that marriages were made in heaven." "Can you tell me, my dear sir," rejoined the cunning nymph, "why they are so slow in coming down?"

An Emeralder meeting another son of the sod, but whose countenance was not quite remembered, after saluting him cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh," said the other. "Walsh, Walsh," said Paddy, "are ye from Dublin? Be jabers, I know two auld maids there of that name, an' sure they weren't yer mother, eh?"

"Frank," said an affectionate lady, the other day, to a promising young American, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much, you will get so, after a while, that you won't care anything about work." "Mother," replied the young hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, and turning another leaf of Barnum, "I've got so now!"

## Quill and Scissors.

Efforts are being made at West Point, to raise, by means of Bishop's Floating Derrick, the massive chain which was stretched across the Hudson River, at that point, during the revolution, to intercept the passage of British vessels above that place. Its weight was five hundred tons, and it was broken at each end a few years after it was put up, and has remained ever since, at a depth of 125 feet.

The city authorities of Marysville, California, recently passed an ordinance for the removal of outside stairs in that city. While the Council was in session, a few days after, the stairs leading to the council chamber were removed, and the dignified members of that body, according to the Herald, were compelled to "shin" down the posts of the building.

A wire cable is laid between Ogdensburg and Prescott, connecting them by telegraph—connecting the States and Provinces—a necessity that has been increased by the growing pressure of business intercourse under the Reciprocity Bill. The cable will embrace two insulated copper wires, such (only smaller) as are used in the British channel.

Part of a scaffolding around one of the towers of the Niagara Suspension Bridge fell down upon a train that was passing underneath. No damage was done, but there was great consternation inside, the prevailing impression among the passengers being that the bridge had given way, and that they were in the Niagara River.

The U. S. Consul at Leipsic transmits to Mayor Wood an official communication from the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Saxony, giving the amplest assurance that no paupers nor criminals have been sent from that kingdom to the United States, and that none will be, if the government can prevent it.

Mr. John Connelly, of New Haven, a gardener, who for years has been very deaf, recovered his lost sense about a week since. While walking in the street, he was startled by hearing the sound of a carriage passing by, since which time he has been able to hear perfectly well.

There are fine old hickories in Independence and Walnut Street Squares, in Philadelphia, where gray squirrels are at home, and so tame that they run up to children to receive nuts and cakes. Boxes for these lively little animals are placed among the branches of the trees.

We have no hesitation in saying that Consumption can always be alleviated, and, in a great many cases, completely cured, simply by the use of Wistar's Wild Cherry Balsam. Its soothing and healing influence on the diseased organs is truly wonderful.

There is an institution in Havana called the Penala, a sort of hospital where husbands have the power to confine their naughty wives. The power is frequently exercised, the husband, during the durance of his wife, paying the expenses.

In Albany, a canaler made a bet that he could eat six dozen hard-boiled eggs. After he had punished half the number, the person with whom the bet was made, fearful he would win, backed out and paid for the eggs already swallowed.

A plate of iron, twenty feet long, ten feet six inches in width, and ten inches in thickness, was cast at the Globe Iron Works, in New York. The casting was accomplished without flaw or defect, and the plate weighs forty tons.

Six quart bottles, filled with green currants, apparently fresh, were recently discovered in the foundation of an old building in Burlington, Pa., and it was subsequently found that they had been buried there thirty years.

A well dressed man borrowed a shovel in Lafayette, Indiana, and in about two hours returned it, bearing a bag containing 1200 Mexican dollars, which he said he had dug up near an old log-house.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Price, of Missouri, while on his way from St. Louis to Jefferson City, on board the Sonora, was robbed of the large sum of $8000, which was taken from his trunk.

In the postponed case of the City Hotel, at Hartford, Justice Welch finally decided that the liquor in that tavern was kept for the convenience of the guests, and not for sale.

The venerable Dr. Jos. Addison Waddill, a son of the "Blind Preacher," whose eloquence was immortalized by Wirt in the "British Spy," died at Staunton, Va., a few days ago.

Mrs. George Keller was riding alone on horseback, from Churchville to Staunton, Va., when her clothes took fire from her pipe, and she was burned to death.

The capital invested in the Lowell manufactories amounts to $14,000,000. The population of the place is 55,000.

## Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. A. L. Davis to Miss Sarah J. H. Iliey.
At Grace Church, by Rev Mr. Mason, Luigi Montt to Miss Fanny A. Parsons.
By Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. George Schad to Miss Margret Buhl, both of Boston.
By Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. James A. Hayes to Mary B., daughter of Enoch Plummer, Esq.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Laurie, Mr. Cephas Cushman, of Boston, to Miss Susan E. King.
At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. Enos F. Bronsdon to Mrs. Anna N. Crocker, of Boston.
At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Charles Stark to Miss Mary Morrison.
At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Fox, Mr. Josiah Lawrence, of Boston, to Miss Caroline Waldron.
At Waltham, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Rev. George W. Patch, of Marblehead, to Miss Mary Lawton.
At Danversport, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. William H. West to Miss Sarah E. Peach, both of Salem.
At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Reding, Mr. Josiah Ober to Miss Rebecca A. Haskell.
At Edgartown, by Rev. Mr. Benton, Mr. Samuel Ripley to Miss Lydia Vinson.
At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Chickering, Mr. Thomas H. Weston to Miss Anna S. B. Evans.
At Bowdoinham, Me., by Rev. Mr. Quinnman, Mr. Charles T. Sanford, of Boston, to Mrs. Louisa Sparks.
At New Haven, Conn., by Rev. Dr. Bacon, Mr. John McCrackan, of San Francisco, Cal., to Annie P. Sanford.
At Annapolis, Md., Mr. Charles H Cushman, Passed Midshipman, U. S. Navy, to Miss Nannita Stewart.

## Deaths.

In this city, Hon. Samuel Sumner Wilde, 85; Mrs. Jane Catharine Whiton, 32; Mrs. Abigail Fisk, 52; Benjamin F., son of Jaziniah F Bussey, 3 years.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, 52; Mrs. Miriam Walton Shattuck, 70; Mr. John Matthews, 55.
At Cambridge, Dr. Charles H. Pierce, 41.
At Dorchester, Mr. John Kettell, 70.
At Auburndale, Mrs. Catherine S. Woodbridge, 48.
At Hanover, Mrs Harriet Sarah Barker, 36.
At Rowley, Mr. Amos N Saunders, 61.
At Newburyport, Mr. David Gaskill, 32; Mrs. Abigail Patten, 72; Mrs. Johanna Jones, 85
At Clinton, Mr. William S. Jewett, of Bolton, 41.
At Athol, Dr. William H. Williams, 62.
At Attleboro', Mr. Preston M. George, 46.
At West Boylston, Deacon Artemas Murdock, 76.
At Worcester, Mr. Justin Cotton, 55.
At Nantucket, Mrs. Sarah M. Coffin, 46.
At New Bedford, Mrs Camilla Taber, 50.
At North Providence, R. I., Mr. John Esten, 96.
At Brattleboro', Vt., Dr. James G. Murphy, 31.
At Rutland, Vt., Arthur J. Stone, 16.
At Cumberland, Me., Mr. Daniel Moore, printer, 27, formerly of salem.
At Brewer, Me., Rev. Nathan Dole, connected with the Missionary Rooms, Boston, 44.
At New York, D. Annie, wife of George W. Taylor, and daughter of the late B. G Wellington, of Lexington, Mass.
At Tarrytown, N. Y., Mr Justice Dearman, 90.
At Washington, D. C., Mr. Jacob B. Martin, of Newburyport, 22.
At Weston, Mo., Mrs. Ann, wife of Rev. William Patton.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## MY VINE-CLAD COT.

BY D. HAINES, JR.

I've a vine-clad cot in prairie land,
'Neath the shade of an old oak-tree,
Among whose branches the wild bird sings,
In tones both full and free.
This cot of mine is a lovely place,
A quiet, a dear little spot;
While over my casement the vine doth entwine,
Like an angel, to watch o'er my cot.

My vine-clad cot is a quiet place,
In a green and mossy dell,
Where the flowers peep up with enchanting grace,
That I love so fond and well.
'Tis close to a silvery, murmuring brook,
Whose waters glide sweetly along,
Whose music sounds in my greenwood nook,
As sweet as a fairy's song.

In my vine-clad cot, I love to sit,
And muse at the twilight hour;
To watch the last rays of the setting sun,
Gild the scene with a golden shower.
O, I love it, my cot, in prairie land,
Where all is so happy and free;
While others for pleasure the world may roam,
A home in the greenwood for me.

In my vine-clad cot, the flowers do ope
Their petals, to morn's first ray,
To welcome with smiles and fragrant breath,
The bright return of day.
But my cot still has a vacant place,
Though my heart is light and free;
All I want is a true and loving wife,
To share my cot with me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE BURGLAR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A HOME AT THE FIVE POINTS.

We are apt to look at the Old World exclusively for startling contrasts between fashion and splendor on the one hand, and squalid wretchedness and crime on the other. With an air of complacency, we speak of our great and happy republic, as affording a retreat for the homeless, and a refuge to the oppressed. Yet, in the face of all this, it would be difficult to find in any European city, a more thoroughly vicious district than that of the Five Points, in New York. Few, doubtless, of the fashionable crowds who daily promenade Broadway, have ever penetrated its recesses. Few but would shrink in dismay from horrors of which they had not even dreamed, if they should do so. But it is not our purpose to moralize upon that which has already begun to attract the attention and inspire the exertions of philanthropic hearts and hands. That task we leave to abler pens. Enough that we have hinted at the character of the locality in which our story takes its rise.

One of the worst recesses of this notorious district enjoys the singularly euphonious name of Cow Bay. The entrance to it is a filthy, arched passage-way, round which are crowded miserable tenements, so miserable that the scanty sunlight, which finds its way through the dirt-begrimmed windows, seems to shrink away, as if it were more than half ashamed of the company it is in. In front of these houses you may see men, whose faces betray no evidence of intelligence or virtue; women, whose miserable and woe-begone expression, perchance loud voice and angry vituperation, attest that from them all that render the sex attractive has forever departed; children—and this is the saddest sight of all—dirty and sickly, and who are children only in size and in years, for upon their hearts the happy influences of genuine childhood have never fallen. For them, alas! life is a rough pathway, paved with flinty stones, which pierce their feet at every step.

A tall man, with a shambling gait, and hat drawn over his eyes, walked swiftly through the arched passage-way, above alluded to, and, muttering an imprecation upon a child who got in his way, entered one of the houses, whose front door stood invitingly open, and, groping his way up the staircase, which was quite obscure, although it was mid-day, opened a door at the head of the staircase, and entered.

It was such a room as the appearance of the house might lead one to expect. It was, however, furnished more ambitiously, as at least one half the floor was covered with a rag carpet, and what little furniture there was, was arranged with rather more taste than might have been anticipated. By the window sat a girl of twelve, sewing. Between her and the children, who were playing outside, there was a wide contrast. She was perfectly clean and neat in her attire, and her face, though pale—as it might well be, shut up as she was in a noisome quarter of a great city, with no chance to breathe the fresh country air, or roam at will through green fields—in spite of this want of bloom, her expression was unusually winning and attractive.

The man we have referred to, threw himself with an air of weariness in a chair, near the door, and muttered, ungraciously:

"Why haven't you got dinner ready? I'm hungry."

"Is it time?" asked the child, springing from her seat, quickly, as if afraid of having neglected her duty.

"Time enough," returned the man; "for I've been at work this morning, and have got an appetite like a wolf. Besides, I want you to be through soon, for I shall send you out shopping this afternoon. Has any one been in to see me this forenoon, Helen?"

"No," said Helen; for that was her name.

"Good. I don't care to have visitors."

Helen quickly brought out from a closet hard by, a plate of cold meat, some cold vegetables, and a plate of bread and butter. The man drew his chair to the table, and during the next quarter of an hour, in which he was so busily occupied with satisfying his appetite, that he had no time for anything else, he said not a word to the child, who, on her part, was too much accustomed to his manner to utter a word.

At length, having accomplished his task, in a manner so satisfactory that very little remained on the table, he drew his chair away, and motioned the child to take her place at it.

"Take your place and eat, Helen," said he, a little less gruffly than before; "and while you are eating, I will tell you of a little plan I have formed for you."

"How do you like living here?" he resumed, when she had seated herself.

She looked into his face as if to know whether it would do to express her real opinion. His face was not so forbidding as it appeared at times, and she ventured to say:

"I—I think there are some places which I should like better."

"No doubt, no doubt, Helen. I think I have known pleasanter places myself. But where do you think you should like to live best—that is, supposing you could live wherever you chose?"

"O," said the child, her eyes brightening, and her whole face glowing with excitement, "I should like, above all things, to live in the country, where I could run about the fields, and hear the birds sing, and—and— O, the country is so beautiful! I think I lived there once; did I not, uncle?"

"Yes, Helen, but it is a good while ago. How would you like to live there once more?"

"May I? Can I? Will you let me?" asked the child, eagerly.

"Perhaps so. But it will depend on whether you will be good, and try to please me."

"O, I will do whatever you say."

"Well, that sounds well. Then I'll tell you what my plans are, and where it is that you are to go."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a copy of the New York Tribune, and read aloud the following advertisement:

"WANTED.—A young girl of from twelve to fourteen, to serve as nursery maid and companion for two young children, by a family a few miles distant from the city. Address
"P. H. GREGORY."

"There," said the reader, laying down his paper, "is a situation which will just suit you. You like children, and pretty much all you will have to do will be to attend to them. Then Mr. Gregory lives in a beautiful place. He is a rich man, and can afford it. Would you like to go?"

"Above all things," said Helen, eagerly; for to her the prospect of a release from the dismal place in which she lived, was most pleasing.

"And you wouldn't miss me, your affectionate uncle?" said the man, with a peculiar expression.

The child's eyes fell. She blamed herself frequently for not holding in higher regard the only relative of whom she knew anything; yet so ungenial was his nature, and so harsh and forbidding was he nearly always, that it would have been singular if he had inspired affection in any one. So it happened that in the joy of the anticipated change, she had not for a moment thought of the separation which it must occasion between herself and her uncle.

"Of course," she said, timidly, "I shall be sorry to leave you—"

"You needn't say anything more, child," was the reply. "I don't profess any particular affection for you, and I don't believe you feel any for me. And you may be sure I shouldn't have proposed this removal to you, if I had not had some object of my own in it. Would you like to know what that is?"

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly.

"Well, I will tell you, because it is necessary that you should fully understand before you go, on what conditions I allow you to do so. But if you dare to impart to a breathing soul a hint of what I tell you, I will seek you out, and—well, no matter," he continued, seeing that his threat made her turn pale. "You must know that this Mr. Gregory, with whom I am going to place you, once cheated me out of a large sum of money, which I cannot hope to regain, except by stratagem. Now I want you to get in there, and I will then give you instructions how to manage. They keep a large amount of valuable plate in the lower part of the house. It will be comparatively easy for you, when you are once there, to render me essential service by opening the front door to me, so that I may be able to secure it without detection, and then—"

"But," said the girl, shrinking in dismay from this proposition, "would not that be robbery?"

"Robbery? Pooh, child! Didn't I tell you that he had cheated me out of twice the value of the plate, and as I can't get my pay in any other way, it's perfectly proper to get it in that."

Helen was no casuist. She had never had any one to teach her right principles, but she had an instinctive feeling that this was wrong. She wished to remonstrate, but dared not. Her uncle saw her embarassment, and queried its cause; he rose from his seat, and stood sternly confronting her.

"Helen Armstrong," said he, in a compressed voice, "unless you promise me faithfully to perform the part I have assigned you, I will bind you out to Brady Tim, the grocer!"

This Brady Tim was a repulsive character, and kept a grocery of the lowest kind, nearly opposite the rooms occupied by the girl and her uncle. He was a complete tyrant, and would often beat his children in the most unmerciful manner. Their shrieks, which she was often doomed to hear, would always make her blood run cold, and inspired her with an inconceivable dread of the man who occasioned them. This her uncle well understood, and he was well aware that no threat which he could utter would make so deep an impression upon the child's mind.

"You have your choice," said he. "Shall I tell Brady Tim that you will come to-morrow morning, or will you go to Mr. Gregory's?"

"I will go," said the child, overawed.

"And you will follow my directions?"

"Yes."

"Then preparations must instantly be made. I shall have to buy you a few things to have you go decent. Have you got a good bonnet?"

"Only my old one, and that is bent every-way."

"Well, I will get you a new one. You will also want a shawl, and some gloves. As you are to be a companion to the children, it will be a recommendation if you come looking neat and comfortable. It wont take long to purchase them, and whatever else you need I can send you afterwards. Wait a moment, and I will be ready to accompany you."

He went into the inner room, and quickly emerged, completely metamorphosed in his personal appearance by a white wig and whiskers, and a staff, on which he leaned heavily. The girl looked at him in astonishment.

"What sort of a grandfather do you think I shall make?" said he, laughing. "I shall go out with you to Mr. Gregory's, and I have no doubt that, in consideration of my gray hairs, they will be induced to take my grand-daughter into their service."

So saying, he left the room, accompanied by the child, who had improved the interval in smoothing her hair, over which she placed an ugly straw bonnet, which, however, was shortly to be displaced by one of a prettier pattern. Their purchases completed, they stepped into an omnibus, which would convey them within half a mile of Mr. Gregory's. What afterwards transpired will be found in the next chapter.

### CHAPTER II.

#### A VISIT IN DISGUISE.

A few miles distant from the city was a tasteful, brown cottage, having a piazza on all sides, and surrounded by a carefully-trained hedge. This was the summer retreat of P. H. Gregory, a New York merchant, already referred to.

It was a warm day in June. Two children, a boy and girl, respectively of six and eight years, were playing in the yard, when they espied through the hedge an old man, with hair and whiskers white as the driven snow, accompanied by a young girl, toiling, apparently with great difficulty, towards the house, notwithstanding the assistance he derived from a stout cane, on which he leaned heavily.

Attracted by the sight, they ran into the house, calling on their mother to look out and see. She had scarcely done so, when to her surprise, she found that the pair had entered the gate, and were coming towards the house.

"Is Mrs. Gregory within?" asked the old man, of the servant who answered the bell.

Mrs. Gregory anticipated the reply by herself coming forward.

"Poor old man!" said she, compassionately; for the attire which Armstrong had donned for the occasion was singularly threadbare, and evinced the lowest depth of destitution. "Poor old man, what can I do for you?"

"I have brought my grand-daughter with me, good lady," said the old man, feebly, "in answer to your advertisement. She's a good girl, and I wish I could keep her with me; but the times are hard, and it costs a sight to live, and so I've been thinking the best thing I could do is to get her a good place, and a good mistress, as I am sure you would be to her, madam."

Mrs. Gregory's sympathies were enlisted in the child's favor by this artful address, as well as by her own modest and downcast look. She was not aware, however, that not a little of her confusion arose from the dissimulation in which she was compelled to take a part.

"What is your grand-daughter's name?" asked Mrs. Gregory. "She seems young."

"She is only twelve; but she's capable—very capable. When her poor grandmother was sick for nearly a year before she died," and Armstrong wiped his eyes with his ragged sleeve at the sorrowful thought, "Helen took the whole care of her and of me, and no one could find a better nurse."

"It must have been a great care to you, Helen," said Mrs. Gregory, kindly.

Helen had been so much taken aback by the last fabrication, respecting a grandmother, of whom she had never heard, that she was barely able to say, in a low voice:

"Yes, ma'am."

"But you will never regret it, my child," said the lady. "God will not fail to reward good children. So your name is Helen?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I like the name. I had a child of that name once. Were she living, she would be about your age. But," and the lady sighed deeply, "she disappeared one day, and we never could find any traces of her."

Had Mrs. Gregory been an attentive observer, she would have seen a gleam of intelligence pass over the old man's face at this moment, but she was too much absorbed by her sad thoughts.

"I think," said she, after a pause, "that I will engage you, Helen, although you are rather young for my purpose. When can you come?"

"She is ready now," said her grandfather. "I can send her the rest of her clothes."

"Very well. Then you may come in, and take off your things."

"Come, Helen, and give a parting kiss to your poor old grandfather. He will be very lonely without you, my dear child; but he knows that he has left you with a kind lady, who will care for you."

Helen advanced to her grandfather's embrace with very little alacrity. As he pressed his lips lightly to her cheek, he whispered so that she only could hear:

"Keep your eyes open," and then added aloud, "be a good girl, Helen, and mind the kind lady who has engaged you, in all respects. Remember all the lessons I have taught you, and do not forget," he continued with a meaning look, "what I told you before I came away."

Helen replied faintly in the affirmative. Mrs. Gregory attributed her evident embarrassment to the fact that she was about to leave her only relative to go among strangers, and she resolved in her heart to lighten as well as she might the sorrow of the child.

"I will bring your clothes to-morrow, my dear grand-daughter," said Armstrong, as he rose slowly from his chair, and resuming his cane walked feebly from the house.

As soon, however, as he was fully out of sight, he straightened his bowed form, and walked rapidly onward till overtaken by a passing omnibus, which he entered, and was soon carried back to the city.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE PLOT.

Helen was not long in making acquaintance with Ellen and Frank Gregory, the children of her employer, over whom she was expected thenceforth to have oversight.

Those who have always lived in the country, or to whom frequent visits have made it familiar, can hardly appreciate the depth of enjoyment which it brought to a child, who, like Helen, had been confined for years in the most noisome portion of a great city. To her the most common objects seemed invested with an interest altogether new, and she plucked with as much eagerness the dandelions and buttercups which covered the greensward in profusion, as if they had been the rarest exotics. There is a freemasonry in children which does away with formal introductions, and the barriers of etiquette. When, two hours after her companion's departure, Helen, and her own children came bounding in flushed with exercise, Mrs. Gregory had an opportunity to observe, what before had escaped her notice, that Helen was more than ordinarily pretty. Something there was in her expression, that seemed to strike the chords of memory, but Mrs. Gregory dismissed it as only a chance resemblance.

"Helen," said she, calling the child to her side, "have you always lived in the city?"

"For a long time, madam. I cannot remember ever to have lived anywhere else."

"And do you like it as well as the country?"

"I do not like it at all. It is so dark, and dirty, and close. The sun does not shine there as it does here, and I could not run out into the fields, but all day long I had to sit alone."

"Alone? Wasn't your grandfather with you?"

"Yes," said Helen, casting down her eyes. "He would come home to meals, but he had to attend to his business."

"He seems too old and infirm to be able to do much," said Mrs. Gregory, compassionately.

Helen was about to disclaim the age and infirmity, when the thought of the near relation in which Armstrong stood to her came over her mind in time, and she only answered, "Yes, ma'am."

"How long since your grandmother died?"

This, too, was an embarrassing question for Helen, but the necessity of saying something prompted her to reply, "A good while."

Perceiving, though she could not conjecture why, that her questions confused Helen, Mrs. Gregory desisted.

It was about four o'clock on the succeeding afternoon, that Mrs. Gregory, who was sitting at the window, detected the bent form of the assumed old man slowly making his way up the hill.

"Your grandfather is coming," said she to Helen, who sat beside her.

Helen tried to look as joyful as the approach of her only relative might be expected to make her; but the thought of the deception which she was even then practising towards a family who were showing her great kindness, and the still greater wrong which she was required to do them, made it a difficult task for one no better versed in dissimulation.

Mrs. Gregory noticed it no farther than to form the opinion, that she was a little odd in her manners.

As Helen expected, Armstrong requested her to walk a little apart with him, and then, dropping at once the whining tone he had assumed, inquired quickly and peremptorily:

"Well, what have you discovered?"

"Nothing," said Helen, timidly, and as if deprecating his anger.

"Nothing!" he echoed, his eyes lighting with indignation. "What am I to understand by that?"

"Come, child," said he, softening his tone, as he saw that she was terrified by his roughness, "I don't mean you any harm; but, the fact is, I have placed you here to help me, and help me you must. Otherwise, I shall be compelled to carry you back to live with me in New York. Perhaps you would like to go?"

"O, no, no!" said Helen. "Don't carry me back. Let me stay here."

"Well, so I will, if you behave well. Now tell me truly, have you no idea where they keep the silver? I know they have a large quantity of it."

Helen reluctantly admitted that, although she did not know, she could form an idea.

"Where?" asked Armstrong, eagerly.

"In the pantry, at the west corner of the house."

"Humph! And do they lock the door at night?"

"Yes, but the key remains in the lock."

"So far, so good. Does any one sleep in the lower part of the house?"

"No one."

"Better still."

A moment afterwards, Armstrong added, a new thought striking him:

"I have not seen any dog near the house. Do they keep any?"

"No."

"That is lucky. A determined dog is sometimes a troublesome customer. I recollect, one night, Dick Hargrave and I had planned a little expedition of this kind, when it was all broken up by a cursed bull-dog, who rushed out upon us as if he would tear us to pieces; and, to tell the truth, he did tear Dick's coat off his back."

Helen listened in dismay, for it revealed to her what she had not known, that her uncle had been implicated in affairs of a similar kind before. It will be remembered that Armstrong, in proposing to her to co-operate with him, had used the pretext that Mr. Gregory had cheated him, and that he was resolved to repay himself. This Helen had believed at the time, but his present unguarded remarks had led her to entertain strong doubts of its truth. Her strong natural dislike for the duplicity and treachery required at her hands, determined her, in spite of her habitual timidity and fear of her companion, to venture a remonstrance. This, however, she delayed till he had made a specified demand upon her.

"Then," said he, "I don't know but there's a pretty good chance of success. To-night is Tuesday night. I can't very well get ready before Friday. On that night you must contrive in some manner, taking care to incur no suspicions, to come down stairs and unlock the front door. I shall be on hand at one o'clock. Be very particular about the time, for what I do, must be done quickly."

"But, uncle—" wouldn't that be robbery?"

"Robbery! Didn't I tell you that old Gregory had cheated me out of more than the sum I shall take?"

"But they have treated me kindly, and it makes me feel ashamed to know that I am trying to injure them, uncle—"

"Don't call me uncle again! I'm no uncle of yours," said Armstrong, roughly; noticing the child's look of surprise, he added: "There, the murder is out. I had intended to treat you as a niece, but you don't deserve it. It is time to talk to you in a different strain. I declare to you, Helen, that unless you comply with my command, I will make you repent it most bitterly. Do you hear?"

"Yes," said Helen, terrified no less by his looks than his words.

"Then take care that you remember. Friday night at one. And now, as we understand each other, that is all that is necessary."

They returned to the house in silence. Armstrong with a hypocritical whine, thanked Mrs. Gregory for her kindness to his dear grand-daughter, who, he was glad to find, seemed so contented and happy in her new position.

"You will pardon an old man's tears," said he, drawing his hand across his eyes, "but she is all that is left to me now."

"What a good old man," thought Mrs. Gregory, as she hastened to assure him that whatever she could do to add to the comfort of his grand-daughter, would cheerfully be done.

As for Helen, she was astonished and confused at what she had discovered. She had always been led to believe that Armstrong was her uncle, and she had more than once reproached herself for the dislike she could not help entertaining for him. Now he had himself disclaimed the relationship, and Helen was left to conjecture fruitlessly who and what she was.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A GLANCE BACKWARDS.

We must carry the reader back some nine or ten years. In front of a pleasant country-residence, a child of two or three years, sat on the grass plucking the flowers that grew at her feet, and then tossing them from her. Ever and anon she would utter a cry of childish delight, as a gaudily painted butterfly flew past her, and would stretch out her little hands to arrest its flight; but the wanderer of the air found no difficulty in eluding the tiny hands of the child.

At length, as if weary of her pastime, she rose from her grassy seat, and tottled towards the open gate, out of which she passed, and strayed along the path by the roadside, pausing where fancy prompted. Her disappearance had not been noted by those in the house, partly because their attention was occupied by a tall, swarthy woman, with fierce black eyes, who was at that moment asking or rather demanding alms of the mistress of the house.

"We are not in the habit," said the latter, "of giving money, but whatever food you may require, will be cheerfully given."

"I don't want any food," said the woman, abruptly. "You talk as if victuals was the only thing one could need. I have had something to eat already. I want money, I tell you."

"Then, why don't you work for it?" asked the lady, somewhat offended at the boldness of her speech.

"Because I don't see why I should work my life out while others are living in plenty. There are plenty of fine ladies who wouldn't lift their fingers if it was to save a life. Am I not as good as they? Why, then, should they fare any better than I?"

"That I do not pretend to say. I only know that he is most happy who strives to content himself with that station in which the Almighty has placed him."

"O, it is all very well for those to talk of being contented who have everything to make them so. Very praiseworthy it is, to be sure," said the woman, laughing scornfully.

The violence of her language increased to such an extent, that Mrs. Gregory, for it was she, found it necessary to order her to leave the house. She did so, but not without many imprecations. As she strode along with hasty steps, she espied by the roadside a little girl, holding in her hand a flower that she had just plucked.

"Isn't it *pitty*?" said the child, holding it up.

A thought struck the woman, and she arrested her steps.

"Where do you live, little girl?" she asked, softening her voice as much as practicable, so as not to alarm the child.

"I live there," said the little girl, pointing to the house the woman had just quitted.

"Yes, yes," muttered the latter to herself; "you're the child of that proud lady that refused me what I asked. Perhaps she may repent it."

"Would you like to go with me?" she asked, turning once more to the child. "I will show you where there are flowers a great deal prettier."

"Yes," said the unsuspecting child, gaining her feet, and placing her hands in the woman's.

Was there no magic in the soft touch of that little hand that could turn away that bad woman from her wicked purpose?

Alas! when the heart becomes familiar with crime, all the gentler parts of the nature become hard and callous.

"Would you like to have me take you in my arms, and then we should get there quicker?" said the woman, who knew it would not do to accommodate herself to the child's slow pace.

The latter made no resistance, and with the little girl in her arms walked swiftly along. She soon turned aside from the street, for fear of attracting a degree of observation, which, under present circumstances, would be embarrassing

to her, and took her way by a less frequented road to the city.

The child soon became restless, and wished to go home. The woman assured her that she was carrying her there. Before long the regular motion of walk acted as a sedative upon the child, and she fell asleep. Her bearer made the most of this opportunity, and walked with quickened steps towards her haunts, for home she had none, in the great city which she had already entered. Some whom she met gazed with curious eyes at the woman and her burden, and could not help noting the contrast between the two in dress, but no one felt called upon to interfere, and so she reached her destination.

The next day saw Helen, for this the woman discovered to be the child's name, stripped of her tasteful attire, and clothed in a ragged and dirty dress, suited to the company into which she had fallen. At the same time her abundant curls were cut off close to her head, principally to render more difficult a chance recognition.

The woman found Helen of essential service in her line. Though disfigured by her uncouth dress and the loss of her curls, her beauty was sufficiently striking to draw many a coin from compassionate strangers, which would not otherwise have been obtained. This little episode completed, we resume the main thread of our narrative.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DENOUEMENT.

Notwithstanding the kind treatment which Helen received in her new home, she did not seem happy. Although the companions among which she had been thrown, had not been of a nature to give her very elevated ideas of moral rectitude, something within told her that the act required of her would be one of the basest ingratitude. The more she thought of it, the more her heart recoiled from it. Yet, so accustomed was she to obey the man Armstrong without question, not so much from affection, as from fear and a sense of duty, that she had hardly admitted to herself the possibility of refusing to comply with his demands. Now, however, that he had himself confessed that no relationship existed between them, the force of the latter consideration was not a little weakened, and as fear decreases in the absence of those who inspire it, she began now to consider in what way she could contrive to avoid it.

Circumstances occurred before the dreaded Friday night, which served to hasten her decision. On the day previous, while roaming through the fields with Ellen and Frank Gregory, in jumping hastily from a stone wall, her foot turned, and her ankle was severely sprained. The pain was so violent that she nearly fainted, and was quite unable to make her way to the house, which was some quarter of a mile distant. The children were exceedingly frightened, and returning in breathless haste, gave an immediate alarm.

Two men were speedily obtained, who, constructing a soft litter, conveyed Helen to the house, without occasioning her much additional pain. A physician was at once summoned. Meanwhile, Helen was put to bed, where she received every attention. Mrs. Gregory had a warm heart, which suffering in any form was sure to reach, and had Helen been her own child, she could not have been more tenderly cared for.

The physician decided that it was nothing very serious, though he recommended, as a necessary precaution, that the injured member should not be used for a fortnight or more, lest inflammation might ensue.

Helen did not hear him pronounce this sentence. When, however, she was informed of it by Mrs. Gregory, after his departure, her mind at once reverted to the fact that it would be an insuperable obstacle to her performing the part assigned her. Actuated by the relief which the thought brought to her, and without thinking of the manner in which it would be construed, she involuntarily exclaimed:

"O, I am so glad!"

"Glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, in astonishment. "What can you mean? You surely cannot mean that you are glad you will be confined in the house by sickness?"

Helen was embarrassed. She knew she could not explain herself, without telling all; and that she had not yet determined upon. At length, she said:

"Because it will prevent me from doing something that I did not want to do."

"But why did you not want to do it?" asked Mrs. Gregory.

"Because I do not think it would have been right."

"Then why would you have done it at all, even if you had been well enough, if it was wrong?" asked Mrs. Gregory, more puzzled than ever.

"Because I was afraid to refuse," said Helen, in a low tone.

"It was nothing that I required of you, I am sure," said her mistress.

"No."

"It surely could not be that your grandfather would require of you anything improper?"

Helen was silent.

"Then it is so. My dear child," pursued the lady, kindly, "I have lived longer than you, and naturally have more knowledge of the world. I need not say that I have every disposition to befriend, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of my own little Helen, who, had she remained to me, would have been about your age. Will you not, then, confide in me so far as to inform me what it was that your grandfather required of you?"

Helen considered a moment, and then, with a rapidity of decision which sometimes comes, after long and anxious thought, decided to communicate everything.

"I will tell you everything," she said, "if you will promise that no harm shall come to the man who brought me here."

"Your grandfather?"

"Will you promise?" asked Helen, anxiously.

"Yes, Helen," said Mrs. Gregory, "though I cannot conceive what is to be the nature of your revelation, I will promise that no harm shall befall your grandfather."

"You are so good and kind," said the child, "that I can trust to what you say. Then I will tell you, first of all, that the one who came with me is not my grandfather."

"Not your grandfather!" echoed Mrs. Gregory, in surprise.

"No. He is not even an old man. He only dressed himself up so when he came here."

"And what made him do that?"

"Because he thought you would pity him, and be more ready to take me."

"Is he any relation to you?"

"I thought he was my uncle," returned Helen, "until he came here last. Then he told me that he was no relation."

"Where are your relations?"

"I don't know," said Helen, thoughtfully. "I suppose I must have had some once, but I can't remember anything about them. I have lived with my—I mean with Mrs. Armstrong, ever since I can recollect."

"And what was it he wanted you to do? Why was he so anxious to have you come here?"

"Because—you mustn't blame me," said Helen, earnestly, lifting her eyes to Mrs. Gregory's face, "for it made me very unhappy to think of doing it—but he wanted me to leave the door open to-morrow night, so that he could get in, and take off the silver!"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory. "And he wished to implicate you in such a crime?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Helen. "He told me that was what he wanted me to come here for, and then I didn't want to come at all. But he threatened me, if I did not. Then, when he was here last time, I tried to persuade him not to, but he wouldn't listen to me, and I didn't dare to say anything more."

"You said, Helen," remarked Mrs. Gregory, "that you never knew about your relations. Can't you remember anything that happened when you was a little child?"

"No," said Helen, "not much; but I think I must have lived in the country once, though I can't remember when. There was an old woman, very cross, that I used to be with, before Mr. Armstrong took me. She used to beat me, sometimes."

"How did she look?" said the lady, feeling a strange interest, for which she found it difficult to account, in the child's story.

"She was very tall, and she used to look at me, O, so fiercely!"

"And is there nothing—no little keepsake—that you have, to remind you of those childish days?"

"Yes," said Helen, "there was one. It was an ivory ring that I have always carried around with me. The tall woman tried to take it away from me, one day, but I cried so, that she let me keep it."

"Have you got it with you?" asked Mrs. Gregory, in great agitation.

"Yes," said Helen, surprised at the strange effect this communication appeared to have upon her mistress. "I always carry it in the pocket of my dress."

Mrs. Gregory, with trembling hands, sought the receptacle indicated, and drew out an ivory ring, on which were inscribed the letters, "H. G." Without a word, she sprang to the bed, clasped the bewildered Helen to her bosom, and exclaimed, tearfully:

"It is as I thought. You are my child—my long-lost Helen!"

When her emotion had in some measure subsided, she made Helen acquainted with the circumstances mentioned in the previous chapter, and also informed her that the ring, which had served as the happy means of restoring a long-lost child to her parent, was the gift of a brother of her's, who had had inscribed upon it, "H. G.," as the initials of Helen's name, and that the child had had it with her on the day of her disappearance.

The happiness of Helen, in being restored to her mother, and the joy of the children, on ascertaining that the one whom they had learned to love so well, already, was their own sister, may better be imagined than described.

One leaf remains to be added to this chronicle. It relates to Armstrong, hitherto the guardian of Helen. Although the latter had received at his hands so little for which she had occasion to be thankful, she could not reconcile herself to the idea of his being imprisoned. We cannot look with indifference upon the punishment of one with whom we have been intimately associated, however well deserved it may be.

As Armstrong had no intimation of the check which his projects had received, and as he was convinced that Helen's fear of him would lead her to carry out his commands, he stealthily approached the house the following evening, as he had intended. The door had been purposely left unlocked; but in the room adjoining, four stout men had been stationed, who at once seized upon the unsuspecting burglar, and in spite of his violent struggles, bound him. Thus secured, Mr. Gregory, who was one of the four, explained to him in what manner his crime had been defeated, and added:

"Although you have been detected in crime, and richly deserve the penalty which the offended law affixes to it, I have been induced by Helen to afford you a chance of escaping. I will furnish you a ticket entitling you to a passage in the next California steamer, and will not reveal your guilty attempt, if you will engage to leave the country immediately. Should you fail to go, I shall feel released from the promise I have made to Helen, and at once cause you to be arrested."

It is needless to say that Armstrong at once accepted these terms, and the next steamer bound to the Pacific bore him a passenger.

As for Helen, the cloud which shadowed her earlier years, has quite disappeared, and in the affection of the home circle, to which her many good qualities endear her, she finds all that can make life pleasant and agreeable.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

He died—not in his native land,
With the friends he loved around him;
But far away on a foreign shore,
With none to smooth his passage o'er
The river dark before him.

An angel band that were hovering round
Beckoned him far away;
He smiled—and followed them up on high
To regions far beyond the sky,
To dwell in endless day.

They made his grave 'neath the shady trees
On the banks of the calm Lake Erie;
And gently smoothing his dark, brown hair,
They mournfully, sadly, laid him there—
Saying, there's rest for the weary.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THREE YEARS OF A MINER'S LIFE.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

CHARLES D—— was a young man occupying a situation of responsibility in a wholesale establishment in one of our eastern cities. With a proper degree of prudence and perseverance, he would have undoubtedly gained an honorable independence; but through the glowing accounts he saw each day in the newspapers, he became inflamed with the "gold fever;" abandoned his business, and made up his mind to go to California and accumulate a speedy fortune.

"It only needs steady labor in the mines," argued he; "eschewing the cities and all needless expense to accomplish this." Thinking he had the secret, he could not rest easy until he had tried his plan.

He engaged a passage by the way of the Isthmus, and after what he considered a very trying journey, reached San Francisco. His outfit, much of it needless, and travelling expenses, greater than he had anticipated, had nearly exhausted his slender means, and he found himself, after paying all bills, with some thirty dollars in pocket.

He had deemed the battle won when he reached San Francisco, but much to his surprise found that to reach the northern mines would require at least one hundred dollars. Gold stories were as rife here as at home and as greedily devoured, and he actually seemed as far from the mines as when he embarked from New York. The delay incident on this discovery was gradually melting down his little capital, and he was becoming desperate. His boarding-house was one of the cheapest and most filthy of the villanous ones extant at the period; yet for three scanty meals and a berth with dirty blankets and no sheets, in a room with others, they very coolly demanded twenty dollars a week. After a few days he came to the conclusion that he must endeavor to procure employment till he could lay by enough to carry him to his "El Dorado," so one fine morning he started. From store to store did he go, meeting with various receptions, but the same conclusion from all. One "did not wish a clerk, but would engage him if he was moral and quiet;" out came his recommendations; "for his board and lodgings," this was brilliant for a young man seeking a rapid fortune; another told him surlily, that they would not take him for his board, and yet others deigned no reply, so deeply were they occupied. In fact, clerks—that very useful, hard-worked and little paid portion of the community—were at that time at a great discount, while the mechanic found sufficient employment at a liberal remuneration.

During the entire day our hero trudged about the sandy streets, till night found him thoroughly discouraged and all but hopeless. Returning to his miserable boarding-house, he threw himself on his couch after a hasty meal, and passed a wretched, restless night. The next day, while pursuing his search, he passed up Clay Street, and needing rest, entered one of the large gambling houses for a moment; seeing a crowd about one of the tables, his curiosity overcame his better judgment, and he elbowed his way through the throng, and secured a place close to the fatal board.

The game was "Monte;" in the centre of the table was the bank, a large pile of silver and gold coin piled up symmetrically and adorned by many "specimens" of native gold, won from unwary miners. Strange infatuation; instead of warning others, they proved baits for fresh fools. The cause of the excitement was a young man, at this time quite a notorious character, who deserves a description. His name was Owens, one of two brothers, only survivors of a family entirely destroyed by the Mexicans, during the Texan war. They had joined McCullough's famed rangers, and made themselves feared by their enemies in many hard fought battles. His form was the most perfect; combining the beauty of the "Apollo," with the physique of the "Farnese Hercules," finely chiseled aquiline features, that would become a woman, but an eye that had a "lurking devil in it;" his hair was worn long, and rather coquettishly in ringlets; yet at a glance, one could see he was not a person to be trifled with with impunity. His dress was in keeping; a kind of hunting jacket of buckskin over a shirt of the finest linen, with Mexican trousers of sky blue velvet, open down the leg, with a row of silver buttons; under these calleoncillos of muslin.

Altogether he gave one the idea of a buccaneer on a holiday. At his side was a large pile of doubloons which he was staking on the game, with wonderful success; puffing a cigar, he lost or won without a word, seemingly in a careless state of mind. D— watched him as anxiously as though the money were his own, and as he drew in a bet of several hundred dollars, a sigh involuntarily escaped him—there, thought he, is all I need to carry me to the mines, that I so long to reach, and yon fellow handles it as recklessly as though 'twere nothing.

The sigh seemed to attract the gamester's attention, and eyeing him for a moment, as he lost a bet, threw over a few ounces, saying petulantly, "here, see if you cannot double these for me, perhaps your fortune may be better than mine;" this is a common occurrence at a gaming-table, and D— did not refuse the offer. But the tide seemed to turn; the banker had given place to another, and his ounces, like lost sheep, seemed returning to their fold. The stranger's listless manner had now entirely disappeared—with ill fortune he seemed to come forth himself; his attention was closely fixed on the game, and once when he thought he detected foul play, his anger was on the point of bursting forth, when the dealer, evidently knowing his man, made prompt reparation. By this time D.'s borrowed capital had gone, he having followed the other's play; but thoroughly aroused, with all his senses fired by the greed of unlawful gain, he sat grasping in his hand his last twenty dollar piece, all he possessed in the world, wishing, yet fearing to bet it. At last he ventured a single dollar and won; and now "he was in for a pile" or nothing; he went on with various success, till he had nearly a hundred dollars, all from one; but wishing a little more, he played on. During this, Owens had lost all his precious winnings, and drawing out a large bag of dust, said, as he selected his card, *five thousand dollars on the queen.* The dealer hesitated, but he sternly bade him proceed. D—, thinking he could not stake so large a sum but on a certainty, placed half his little store on the same card; as they were drawn, there was breathless silence, till at last the edge of a court card was visible; the excitement was intense; the top card fell and revealed a knave! The stranger's brows knitted till his eyebrows met. "There are ten thousand in the bag," said he; "the remainder on the queen again." D— joined him with all he had, and in a minute was penniless.

Rushing out frantic and desperate, he found himself on Long Wharf; thoughts of suicide flashed through his mind, but better feelings predominated, and he turned again towards the town. "Do you want a job," said a voice; looking up, he answered the inquirer in the affirmative, and was soon at work passing up bricks from a lighter at the rate of four dollars a day. Here was a change for our clerk, with his white hands and fine linen; this was "shaking the Pagoda tree" with a vengeance; however, he did not sleep the worse that night, although his hands were blistered, for thinking he had earned his first money in California.

Behold now this gold seeker, transformed into a day-laborer, piling lumber, passing bricks, discharging vessels, till at last he found an opportunity to work his passage to Sacramento as fireman on one of the river boats. Arrived in Sacramento, he happened on an honest Irishman he had known in better days at home as a porter in the store where he was book-keeper, who was now the proprietor of an eating-house, and with him he engaged as a waiter, where, for fourteen hours each day, he was at the beck and call of any hungry individual who possessed the wherewithal to purchase a meal. At the end of two months he was in a condition to make a move; so laying aside his apron and bidding his Irish friend farewell, he purchased a shovel and pick, and took passage for Marysville. From this place an open stage wagon carried him in one day to Bidwell's Bar, where he had decided to make his first trial of mining.

Bidwell's had been a very rich bar, but on his arrival he found the claims all staked off and being worked, so he engaged with a man to act as his substitute for five dollars a day and board, till he had sufficient knowledge to work for himself. The company in which he found himself consisted of ten persons, each sharing alike the labor and profit of the undertaking. Their claim was in the bed of the river, and they were building a small wing dam; so all day did our hero stand in the water, laying stones and bags of sand, and when the wall was completed, he varied his work by pumping out the water. The Feather River at this point is right from the mountains, and is of icy coldness, so the pleasure of his position can be understood. They arose at five in the morning, and taking breakfast went to work, resting one hour in the middle of the day for dinner, and then returning to labor till six. It was fortunate that D— had been broken in to work at San Francisco, else he could never have undergone the fatigue. Here our hero took his first lessons in what Soyer calls the "divine art," and he speedily became a great proficient in the mysteries of boiling salt pork and producing flapjacks that a knife would penetrate. Sunday was their only day of rest; never before had D— appreciated the beauty and absolute necessity of the Divine law, that sets aside one day in seven, that man may not labor, but have rest. It was a festival at the Bar; the place boasted one large tent house with a board floor, entitled the "Shades," where man or beast received good accommodation; "for particulars see small bills;" here on the Sabbath did the miners congregate from miles around. Many took this spare time to purchase provisions for the ensuing week, clothing, etc.

As in all mining districts, gamblers were to be found, following their prey even to the Placers, and forestalling their brethren of the cities, by clearing the miner out as he went along. One or two Monte tables were opened every evening, and all day long Sunday, they were in full blast. Many of the hardest working men, when labor was over, were the most constant at these tables. One of D—'s company, a Dutchman named Peter, for one name is enough for a miner, was a remarkable instance of this class; through the week none wrought with more energy, or longer hours than he.

Saturday night when the week's earnings were divided, Peter would go up to the hotel, seat himself at one of the tables, and being without guile himself, suspected it not in others, and the consequence was that before he left he would be entirely stripped, if not by fair, by foul means; when this was accomplished, he would rise, choke down a sigh, and without a murmur work on another week. Often he would have to borrow money to buy his little stock of smoking tobacco from the very man who had robbed him, and his scrupulousness in returning it was proverbial. This scene was enacted week after week during D—'s stay, and one of the gamblers was heard to say "that he had a man working for him in such a company," naming Peter.

I fear many of the husbands and fathers whose letters complain of the hard times, have suffered more from *Monte* than want of work.

Our hero's experience in San Francisco was still so fresh, that he avoided all their snares. At the end of several weeks, having acquired a good practical knowledge of mining, he found a companion, and purchasing a mule apiece, they started on a "prospecting," tour; this is the most tedious part of a miner's life, stopping a dozen or twenty times a day to wash a pan of dirt to judge of the quality of the spot, finding in most cases a mere speck of gold to reward them. At last a place was chosen that seemed likely to pay, and they staked off a claim; one returning to the Bar some twelve miles up the river for cradles and tools, while the other pitched a small tent. They began work, living like hermits, entirely alone, laboring the whole week, and never seeing a soul but themselves. At first their claim was remunerative, then it ceased to pay, yet still they wrought on, hoping to again strike the lead, but they were finally compelled to abandon it, as winter was coming on and it was necessary to have a place where they could at least make their expenses without travelling during the rainy season. So D— concluded to endeavor to buy into some established company. He found what was deemed a fine chance; a man about to return to the East would sell his share for a portion of cash, the residue to be paid as the gold was taken out. The claim was a rich one; they had made money already, and D— thought he could not find a better opening, so he invested all he had earned for the past six months.

The winter was a very severe one, the rain poured in torrents without intermission for weeks; one night the alarm was given that their dam, the work of months, was in danger. All rushed to the river, but too late; the stream had risen suddenly and the dam was already quivering; at last a small breach was seen, then another, and in an instant, with a noise like thunder the whole fabric yields and all is swept away by the torrent. D—, who had silently watched this fearfully grand scene, was frantic with despair; hope seemed all gone; nothing could be done till the river fell. Weeks went by and no change; at last the rains ceased, and the stream fell as suddenly as it had risen; and the labor is renewed. The dam again completed, the "washing" goes on, but alas, the claim heretofore so rich, is evidently exhausted; the receipts are very small, and living very high; so in the end D— leaves the spot and is once more high and dry. He packs up and starts for the Southern mines, tries "dry diggings" and Quartz mines; sometimes making a lucky hit, he thinks the long looked for fortune is found, but winter and sickness exhaust means that a fortunate summer had given him. He opens a "Miner's Store," and is burned out; and at the end of three years has come to the very wise conclusion that small and regular gains at home are infinitely preferable to gold minings in California. So with two hundred dollars beyond his passage money, he starts for home, and after clothing himself in a decent manner, he finds himself in Boston, just as well off in pocket as he was before he left; but minus his time, his health. In the same time with half the actual exertion, he might have been comfortably established, with a certainty of an ultimate independence. The picture is not overdrawn; hundreds, ay, thousands can answer for it; no man that has not had experience in the mines, can believe the amount of crosses, vexations and care that fall to the lot of the majority of miners.


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and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

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☞ Traveling agents are not employed on this paper.

☞ The PICTORIAL may be obtained at any of the periodical depots throughout the country, and of newsmen, at *six cents* per single copy.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S FRENCH, 121 Nassau Street, New York.
A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
HENRY TAYLOR, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
A. C. BAGLEY, corner 4th and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati.
J. A. ROYS, 42 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
R. K. WOODWARD, corner 4th and Chesnut Sts., St. Louis.
MELLEY & Co., 75 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
SAMUEL RINGGOLD, Louisville, Kentucky.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY S. G. DENIO.

Away in the past, a picture I've traced,
Which the changes of time have never effaced;
Those scenes of my youth, O whatever may come,
I ne'er can forget thee, my own childhood's home.

A chain of bright memories still haunts the spot
Where stood in my childhood, that dear little cot;
Near the door of which wandered in beauty along,
A clear winding stream, with its murmuring song.

O never, while wandering the wide world o'er,
Has a scene like that at our cottage door,
Ere met my sight, but a strange thrill has come,
And a yearning wish for my childhood's home.

Yes, often in fancy I see thee once more,
And gaze on thy beauties so cherished of yore;
While back to my heart like a wandering bird,
Come thoughts of the past which within me are stirred.

But those scenes and those days are past and afar,
"Yet she'll live in the blaze of bright memory's star—"
For that dear little cot, with its murmuring rill,
By thy soft rays illumined, seems lovelier still.

But alas, those scenes will return nevermore,
To us, as we linger on time's dull shore;
But the heart will still dream, wherever we roam,
Of that dear sunny spot, our own childhood's home.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE STOLEN SCHOONER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I WAS attached to the Brazilian squadron, and had command of one of the finest little schooners that ever floated. She carried ten long medium twelve-pounders, and sailed like a duck. While our squadron lay at Rio the commodore received information that a Yankee brig had been cast away on the southern coast somewhere near the peninsula of St. Josef, a Patagonian place, and that the natives had seized the crew and robbed the brig. Just at that time my schooner was the only vessel which could be spared from the small fleet, and the commodore sent for me, and asked me if I would venture out to the scene of the difficulty. I told him yes, for not only did I wish for something to do besides running of mere errands, but I longed to get away from the restraint imposed by the presence of the flag-ship and its continual signaling.

So I started at once on my mission. The only orders given me were to go to St. Josef, and from there to follow the coast to the southward until I had found the brig. Then I was to help the suffering crew the best way I could—if I found them. I only had fifty able men, a number of my crew having been left at the hospital in Rio sick with fever. My officers consisted of one lieutenant, one passed midshipman, two midshipmen, a surgeon, and the usual warrant officers. My men were stout, good seamen, and had thus far behaved very well, though I must say that some of them had never yet gained much upon my confidence, and without boasting of any very keen foresight, I may say that before I had been out a week, I had more apprehension of mutiny among my crew than I did of danger from the savages of Patagonia. But I could not detect anything like open insubordination. Not even a chance word could I hear that sounded like it, and yet I had my suspicions, for I could detect a sort of bearing among some of the men which smacked strongly of reckless bravado and mischief.

The distance I had to sail to reach the peninsula of St. Josef, was not far from two thousand miles, and I was nearly a fortnight on the way. We made the eastern bluffs of the peninsula just at nightfall, and having stood off and on under an easy sail through the night, I run in in the morning. We found some few savages scattered about, but not one of them could we make understand our business. So I entered the Nuevo Gulf, a wide inlet to the southward, and kept on around the shore. We were two days making the circuit of this gulf, and when we reached the southern cape we saw the hull of a brig hauled up on to the sand. It was a wild, desolate looking spot, with only a stunted, dingy vegetation growing upon the soil, while a bleak, black, rugged chain of mountains towered up close at hand.

As soon as we saw the hulk upon the beach we came to anchor, and I had the third cutter lowered in which I went on shore, taking Mr. Beckwith, the passed midshipman, and my usual boat's crew. I found the brig not worth attempting to move, allowing that we had wished to do so. Everything of value had been torn out and carried off, and ropes, sails, blocks and cargo were all missing. It was nearly dark when we went on shore, so I resolved to return to the schooner and wait until morning before I made any further observations.

On the following morning, as soon as breakfast had been eaten, I had the first cutter called away, and detailed twenty of my men to accompany me. I selected those whom I thought the most trustworthy, and having seen them well armed, I sent them into the boat. I left the first officer in charge of the schooner, and took the passed midshipman, the surgeon, and one of the midshipmen with me. We landed near the hulk, and looked around the coast without seeing any signs of life. At some distance inland, between the coast and the mountains, was a high hill, and towards this I took my way, ordering the men to look to their arms, and follow.

At the distance of some three miles we came to a sort of jungle which we could not get around, and having found an opening we entered. We had not gone far before we became assured that we were in a regular path, and we pushed on briskly. It was near noon when we reached the foot of the hill, and I was not a little surprised to find that ten of the men were missing. Those who had come on told me that their companions stopped somewhere in the deep wood to pick some berries, and that they said nothing about it at the time as they supposed they would follow on. I sent Mr. Beckwith and two of the men back to search for the missing ones, but at the end of half an hour they returned without them, and without having discovered any traces of them.

"Let's go on up the hill," said the surgeon. "They may be along."

I made no reply at the time, for I did not like to speak the suspicions that started up in my mind. Accordingly we went up the hill, and when we reached the top of it, we saw a wide, dense forest beyond, between us and the mountains, but nothing that looked like a human habitation. We had been there half an hour, and were just upon the point of turning back, when one of the men detected a curl of smoke at no great distance from us, and ere long the smoke became more dense, and it was apparent that a fire had just been built there. The spot was only at the southern slope of the hill, and towards it we started. We approached with cautious steps, and when we reached the place we found seven human beings collected around a fire cooking birds' eggs. At first we took them for savages, for they leaped wildly to their feet when they saw us, and gave utterance to numerous loud yells. But those yells were of joy, for they recognized us at once as Yankees, and ere long we knew that they were all that were left of the crew of the wrecked brig.

They told us their story in a few minutes. Their brig was on the return voyage from Valparaiso when they met with their accident. Their vessel sprang aleak in a gale, and after throwing overboard the heaviest part of their cargo, and still finding that the leak could not be stopped, they turned their head for the shore and clapped on all sail. Thus, by keeping the pumps going, and stopping what of the leak they could, they managed to reach the shore. On the next day after they landed, a party of about a hundred natives attacked them, took them prisoners, and robbed the vessel of all they could carry. One man only made his escape, and he was the one who had carried the intelligence to Rio. After this the savages took them and carried them away over among the Table Hills, or mountains, and there they had been kept bound until two days before the present time, when they contrived to make their escape, five of their number having died under the cruelties inflicted by their captors.

We waited for the poor fellows to finish their meal of baked eggs, and then we started towards the shore, which we reached about four o'clock in the afternoon. My worst fears were realized, or, at least, I believed so—for the boat was gone, and the hull of the brig had been set on fire, and was burning rapidly. I was just upon the point of making some remark to the surgeon, when I saw the first cutter pulling off from the schooner.

"Everything may be right after all," said Mr. Beckwith. "Perhaps the ten men who left us got lost, and came back and went on board, and are now sending off for us."

But as the boat came near the shore, I saw that it contained the lieutenant, boatswain, the second midshipman, and three seamen.

"What is it, White?" I asked, of my lieutenant, as soon as he landed.

"The schooner is gone!" he gasped.

As soon as he could speak calmly, I learned that about noon the ten men who had left me returned on board, and that shortly afterwards the crew came aft in a body, and knocked the lieutenant down and bound him. They acknowledged that they had long contemplated taking the schooner and making a pirate of her, and that now they had just the best opportunity that could possibly have been offered. Only the boatswain among the warrant officers, and three of the men, refused to join them.

What was I to do? I knew the character of the men on board the vessel well enough to know that they would stop at nothing short of death in carrying out their plans. They were thirty-nine strong, and all powerful men at that; while we could muster but twenty-four, counting the seven men we had found in the woods. These latter men, however, were weak and faint, and we could not count upon them for hard work, so we had really but seventeen hands, and two of those were boys, though I knew that what I did have were true. The men who were with me knew nothing of the plan, for they had been looked upon as friends to me, and hence were not trusted.

We were armed, but what of that? What were thirteen braces of pistols and thirteen cutlasses against the arms on board a schooner-of-war?

"When do they mean to sail?" I asked of the lieutenant.

"To-morrow sometime, I believe."

"And what else do you know?"

"Nothing, save that they will keep up a sharp watch while they remain, and have the guns ready for use."

During the next hour I paced up and down the beach in a state of excited wrath, but after that I became cooler, and began to reflect more calmly; but I could think of no possible way to overcome the piratical villains. They were masters now.

"By heavens!" uttered the surgeon, approaching the spot where I stood. "I wish I could give 'em the contents of my medicine chest."

I gazed into his face a moment, and then I said:

"You'd poison them, eh?"

"Poison or anything else," he replied; "but I'd give 'em a dose that would fix them for a while."

No sooner had he spoken than an idea entered my head.

"Does not Harry Moore understand the arrangement of things in your chest?" I asked.

"Somewhat," the surgeon answered. "He has helped me fix medicines."

This Harry Moore was a boy only fourteen years old, but very bright and intelligent. He had been in the cabin some as my waiter, and he had helped the surgeon some. He had come off with me in the morning. I called him at once and asked him if he was willing to run any risk for the sake of getting the schooner back again.

"Yes, sir," he answered, promptly. "Anything you will point out."

"Do you think you could swim off to the vessel?"

"I could take a board, you know."

"Certainly—so you could. And after you got there, do you think you could get some stuff from the doctor's chest and mix with their breakfast?"

"Yes, sir," answered Harry, with sparkling eyes. "I could do it if I was there, and they would trust me; but they'd be apt to smell the rat."

"Yes," added the surgeon; "if he should swim off they would know that we sent him."

"But I could blind them," said I.

"How?"

I hesitated. At length I placed my hand upon the boy's head and said:

"It is hard, Harry, but there is only one way. Do it, and not only will we bless you, but you shall have a midshipman's berth when we arrive at Rio."

"Name it, sir."

"Pull off your jacket and frock, and let me flog you."

For a few moments all were silent. Harry spoke first:

"I understand. You would make 'em think I left you because you abused me?"

"Yes. You may tell them that I accused you of having known something about the mutiny, and that I flogged you because you wouldn't confess."

"That's nothing at all," uttered the noble boy, with a beaming look. "Your blows will be only play to me while such a work is doing."

As he spoke he commenced to pull off his jacket, but I bade him wait until after dark. In the meantime I asked the doctor to give him such information as would be needed, and then I went to find a stick suitable for my purpose. I not only found a hard, small, withy stick, but also some red berries, the juice of which was very dark and thick. I picked a lot of these, for in my anxiety to inflict as little suffering upon the boy as possible, I forgot that if I attempted to imitate the flowing of blood from his wounds the water would wash it off.

Just at dusk I took Harry one side, and he stripped himself to the skin. It was hard work, the hardest I ever did—but the object in view made it necessary. The presence of scars upon his back would be proof that I had ill-used him, and the villains on board the schooner would believe him. I struck the first blow lightly, for I could not strike hard.

"Ho," he uttered, with a light laugh, "you must strike hard, if you mean to help me do my part of the work. Remember, captain, these blows may be the means of saving my life."

I did strike harder—again—and again—and the noble boy smiled upon me all the while. But the work was done at length. Harry's white flesh was marked with dark, livid ridges, and I would strike no more.

At ten o'clock the doctor gave the boy the last word of instruction about the article to be administered—it was morphia—and then he was ready to set out. We found a board which had been spared from the wreck, and this Harry took to assist him on his way. His last instructions were, to wave a handkerchief from the taffrail on the following morning as soon as his plan had succeeded. He was to get at the medicine chest some time during the night, and be ready to slip his narcotic into any food he could which was to be eaten for breakfast.

"If I don't succeed," said the noble fellow, "I shall swim on shore if I can, and if I cannot I shall make my escape on the first possible occasion."

We bade him good-by, and then saw him set off. When he had got well out we fired several pistols, as though we were firing at him. After this all was quiet. Not long afterwards we saw lights flashing over the side of the schooner, and ere long, by the gleam of the lanterns, we could see our messenger hauled in over the gangway.

I next arranged to have half of my men on watch through the night, and then I laid down to get a little sleep if possible. I slept a few hours, and when my lieutenant called me, I found it to be nearly two o'clock, though the watch had been changed at twelve. As soon as I had washed out my eyes and got fairly awake, I went down to the water's edge and looked off to where the schooner lay. I could just distinguish her spars standing out against the starry sky, but all was quiet on her deck.

It was fairly light about five o'clock, and from that time we watched the schooner with anxiety, being careful, however, not to be seen by those on board, it being an easy matter to hide ourselves among the stunted shrubbery. We had a small quantity of provisions which we had saved from yesterday's store, and with this we made a respectable breakfast.

Time passed slowly and heavily away. I could see the mutineers at work in the rigging, and I knew that they were getting ready to make sail. I began to fear that our fate was sealed, and was upon the point of expressing my doubts to the surgeon, when I heard the sound of the boatswain's whistle. The shrill notes came cutting through the air, and their music revived me. It was the pipe to breakfast.

In some twenty minutes more I heard another call, and the low breeze that came sweeping in shore brought the order for getting underweigh. I saw the villains ascend to the fore-topsail yard and cast off the gasket and furling-line, and again my heart misgave me.

"Ah," I uttered to my lieutenant, "I fear all is lost."

"I hope not," he replied.

"But in fifteen minutes they will have—"

My remark was cut short by an exclamation from the surgeon.

"There goes a man from the yard!" he cried.

I looked, and saw two men fall from the fore-topsail yard. One had fallen before. Instinctively I cast my eyes to the stern, and was just in time to see Harry Moore waving his handkerchief from one of the cabin windows, and in a moment more I saw him drop into the water and cling by one of the rudder pintles, with only his head out, and close in to the stern-post. In a moment I called to my men, and we started for the cutter. Our pistols were examined, and everything made sure respecting the efficiency of what arms we had, and then we put off.

There were twenty-four of us in the boat, and she could seat thirty-five easily, so we had room enough. We pulled astern of the schooner, so that none of the guns could be brought to bear upon us, and came up under the starboard main-chains. Six men appeared at the rail to beat us off, but we gave them the contents of a dozen pistols, and four of them fell. The other two were easily driven back, and with a wild shout my men followed me to the deck. Here some dozen men attempted to rally and give us battle, but they were soon overcome, and then I had a chance to look about. The bars were set in the windlass, and a dozen men were lying about them, most of them seeming to be in fearful spasms. And all about the deck men were lying, some doubled up as if in the most excruciating pain, while others seemed to be dead. I gave orders to have all the villains who had life in them securely bound, and then I sent two of my followers down to help Harry up into the cabin, for I supposed he was still in the water.

"By my soul," I uttered to the surgeon, "this has been done well."

"Yes," he added, with a quaint expression, "but not exactly as I had supposed."

"How so?" I asked.

"Wait until I see Harry."

As the surgeon thus spoke, he turned towards the cabin, and having given Mr. White charge of the deck for a few moments, I followed him. We found the boy just crawling in through the cabin window, and his face wore an expression of mingled pride and gratitude. He sprang forward and grasped my hand.

"It's done," he uttered; "but I had a narrow chance of it. Just as I waved my handkerchief out of the window—I didn't dare to do it on deck—I heard 'em calling for me, and cursing me dreadfully. They knew I had done the work, and they meant to kill me. I dropped into the water, and no sooner had I got clung to the rudder than some of 'em came down into the cabin, but they didn't find me."

"And how did you do the work?" I asked.

"O, I didn't have any trouble at all. When I came aboard last night and showed 'em my back they took me in in a minute. They believed I meant what I said. I didn't get a chance at the medicine chest until after midnight, but I got at it then, and made quick work in getting out the stuff, and this morning I mixed it with their coffee. 'Twasn't more than ten minutes after they'd done breakfast before some of 'em began to have fits."

"Let's look and see what you've given them," said the surgeon.

"I threw the bottle away, sir."

"Never mind. Give me the key."

The surgeon took the key, and upon opening the chest he found the glass jar of morphia in its place, but the strychnia was gone!

"I thought so," he uttered, turning to me. "By the mass, these villains have taken poison enough to kill five hundred men—or, at least, there's been enough put with their drink."

As soon as the matter was explained we found that the boy had made a mistake, and taken the strychnia for morphia, but it was not to be wondered at, considering the circumstances under which 'twas done. Of course, we found no fault with him, for he had done his duty nobly and truly. The surgeon took his stomach-pump and emetics and hastened on deck. Down some of the villains' throats we forced any quantity of emetic, and the stomach-pump did its share of work, but most of the work was too thoroughly done to be mended, and of the thirty-nine men we only saved eight! The rest were dead before we had got half around with our reviving applications.

We examined the coffee boiler and found a large quantity of the poison there. But enough of it had been drank up, and for the while I could have wished that none of the wretches had died as they did; but after we had consigned the bodies to the water, I think I felt more easy than I should, had we had them all on board in irons. At any rate, the departed ones had no mourners.

In two weeks from that time I was again in Rio. The seven men whom we had brought from Patagonia were sent home on the first opportunity, and the eight mutineers were delivered up to justice. The old commodore extolled my expedient highly, and praised Harry Moore almost without bounds. The noble boy received a midshipman's warrant, and is now a lieutenant in our navy. I see him often when he is in the States, and the last time I saw him, I asked him if he ever felt grieved at the flogging I once gave him in Patagonia. He caught my hand, and with a bright smile, replied:

"Ah, captain, that was the only time in my life that I was ever flogged, and I do really think that I feel as much pride in that flogging as in any other one event of my life."

### JUVENILE PRISONERS.

Mr. Upton—the son of that Mr. Upton who fortified Sebastopol—is about to leave the camp for England. At the taking of Balaclava he remained quietly, and gave himself up as a prisoner to the English. It is a purely nominal thing, as he goes about everywhere, accompanied generally by his three sweetly-pretty girls. These little things, who are constantly about, dressed in round straw hats and little pink dresses, with two pet dogs, put one much more in mind of England and home than anything I have seen out here. A rather amusing anecdote is told of them. They were the other day out for a walk, when a soldier, who did not know them, met them. In astonishment at seeing three prettily-dressed, English-looking children, he stopped and asked them who they were, when the eldest of the sisters replied, with the utmost gravity, "Please, sir, we're prisoners."—*Letter from the Crimea.*

AN ARGUMENT.—A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection she had to a union with him, was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the following ingenious and delicate complimentary reply, "Blessed is the man who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

## Jester's Picnic.

It happened some years ago, in one of the northern counties of Vermont, that the *then* "State's attorney," though a man of great legal ability, was rather too fond of "the critter," and with a perversity of habit, which we have often seen in others, was pretty sure to drink too deep at the very time when it was most necessary that he should be sober. On one occasion, an important criminal case was called on by the clerk, but the attorney, with owl-like gravity, kept his chair, being in fact not fairly able to stand on his feet. "Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the judge. "Yes—hic—no—your honor," stammered the lawyer, "the State—is not—in a state to try this case to-day—the state, your honor, is—*drunk!*"

Sam.—"Hello, Pete, what you git dat hoss? He looks more like as if you boarded him out dan if you kept him yourself."

Pete.—"O, Sam, neber mind his ribs showin' here and dare. He's *some!* mind, I say it. Why, I passed eberyting on de road dis mornin', comin' in."

Sam.—"Yes, you're putty good on passin'; you passed somfin yesterday, too."

Pete (proudly).—"O! what was it?"

Sam.—"Why, a *bad shillin' on me;* I been a layin' all de mornin' to cotch you."

Pete.—"Ha, ha! well, say you got me dis time, jis hold on to it till I come round agin. Git up there, you four tooty, go lang."

A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, and what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered? She could not even tell the text of the sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as ever I put the water on it, the sun dries it all up; and yet, sir, *I see it gets whiter and whiter.*"

"You can do anything, if you will only have patience," says our old fogy uncle, who made his fortune by being planted in the old town when corner lots were worth only ten dollars an acre, and waited till he woke up one morning to find them worth $300 a foot.

"Water may be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait."

"How long?" queries impudent and impatient Young America, who can hardly wait for his bread, or the old man's obituary.

"Till it *freezes!*"

Webster, or rather Arbuthnot, upon whom he fastens his interpretation, says that a "punster is a low wit." If so, what should be done with the miscreant who abases the "sisters nine" to his vile purposes? The fellow who got off the following deserves to be placed in that place which Dr. Johnson provided for all low wits—the pillory. He sings:

"A certain wit declared, of late,
That every acting magistrate
Was water in a freezing state."

That is, JUST ICE.

An actor fell through a loose trap, as he was leaving the stage. Emerging instantly afterwards, he was met with a laugh and the remark of a wag:

"I am sorry to see you descend to such claptrap manœuvres as that."

"Yes," was his quick reply, "but you'll admit I never undertake anything without going through it."

Among the Russian prisoners, recently taken, was a Colonel *Shootoff.*

"What a horrid name for a fellow to have!" said Alderman Fuzzy one day, after dinner, "could anything be worse?"

"Yes," exclaimed one of the party, amidst a roar of laughter; "it would have been much worse for him if he had been *Shot off.*"

In the Registration Court, Cupar Fife, a man was called on to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said, "my lord, he's gone." "Gone, gone!" said the sheriff, "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead."

"Papa, can't I go to the Zoological Rooms to see the camomile fight the rye no-air-ee-hoss?" "Sartin, my son, but don't get your trowsers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has got for nat'ral history. No longer ago than yesterday he had eight pair of tom-cats hanging by their tails to the clothes line." "Bless his little heart—come to his mother."

A merchant, not so celebrated for the elegance of his diction as for the length of his purse, wrote to his correspondents in a distant city for a lot of flour, adding, by way of showing his impatience, that he wanted it "the worst kind." He was not less surprised than chagrined, on reception of the article, to find it full of weevils, sour and musty.

A DUNNING LETTER.

MR. C.: SIR—
To avoid all proceedings unpleasant,
I beg you to pay what is due;
If you do, you'll oblige *me* at present,
If you don't, then I'll *oblige you.*


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☞ *The* FLAG *can be obtained at any of the newspaper depots in the United States, and of newspaper carriers, at* FIVE *cents per single copy. Published every* SATURDAY, *by*

M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON, MASS.

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